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AN

ANGEL'S MESSAGE.

AN

ANGEL'S MESSAGE.

BEING A SERIES

OF

ANGELIC AND HOLY COMMUNICATIONS

RECEIVED BY A LADY.

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PREFACE.

THIS book is of a very new and unheard-of nature. It comes before you as a revealment of long-lost and hidden things. It is not brought out in the ordinary course of other works; but it comes in an extraordinary way, with very extraordinary pretensions: for it is written with the pen of nature, but dictated by the voice of a spirit.

The words have all been given to the writer in an abnormal state of the mind,—they are of decidedly spiritual origin. They are *her* words only inasmuch as they have clothed the spiritual ideas that were poured into her passive mind. Yet she has heard them as words in her spirit-ear; for she hears no outward voice whatever. *Her will* has not been in any

way concerned in their production. She has endeavored to keep her mind in as passive a state as possible, and has never once commenced her mediatorial writings without putting up an inward prayer to God, that He alone would guide and direct her mind, in order that she might receive with perfect purity the treasures of wisdom and the sentiments of love which have been given to her in the way described.

She has, throughout, been aware of the probable reception it will meet with from the public. She is well assured that it may be much abused by an unbelieving world,—that her own motives, even, for bringing it before that world, may be much misunderstood,—that all she has been directed to say will not be received by the many. But she is ardent in her love of truth, and in her desire to enlighten, benefit, and console all who may need to be so cared for. The love of God is deeply planted in her heart; therefore she was a fitting instrument to carry out His merciful designs of blessing His children in the world of nature.

That God is not far from you. He is ever near to bless and to strengthen those who need the strength which He alone can give them. But you must come unto Him before you can receive it. Therefore, let

me, who am not known to mortal eyes, endeavor to persuade you to lay aside your worldly wisdom, and your self-derived intelligence, and listen to the still small voice of truth; for it is a very sacred thing that is here to be revealed to your perceptions. It is, as the Bible, *true*, but not, as the Bible, *inspired*, in the way that holy volume is. Read your Bibles with a feeling of holy awe and inward veneration for every word, line, and verse; it is as the voice of God that then speaks to your spiritual existence. Read this book as a record of truth that has descended to earth from the power of that God, who directed His holy prophets and apostles to write that which the mortal eye hath not seen, nor the mortal ear heard.

It is to confirm your faith in the great Book of Life that I am sent. I am an angel of heaven, but I was once a mortal man on earth. I am well aware that many who turn over the pages of this volume will say, "This spirit does not teach true doctrine; he is not a believer in much that our church sets forth as truth, and also some of his statements do not seem to agree with the words of Scripture; therefore he cannot be a true or good spirit, but must be a deceiver of the people,—why hear ye him?"

Believe not anything that contradicts that holy

record of divine truth,—the Bible. If I contradict one word, one precept, or one doctrine, that is taught in that sacred book, set me aside; for I shall indeed be a false and deluding spirit. Try me, prove me; and stand by me only as I lead you to the Word of God. Only as I open and explain its sacred page, listen to what I say. Be ye sure, my friends, that I desire you to "prove all things, and to hold fast that which is good."

I am aware that you may perceive that there are some passages which do not appear to cohere with the natural wording of Scripture; but it is by the spiritual sense in unison with the natural, that the Sacred Scriptures are to be explained. If you will patiently peruse these pages, you will then be in a position to receive or reject, as it may appear good to you, what is here laid down as the truth as it is in Christ Jesus, our blessed Lord and Saviour from all evil, as well as from error and delusion.

I do not desire to anticipate any portion of the history of my connexion with the natural writer, which I have herein introduced. It is not remarkable in a natural degree, but it is very much so in the spiritual affinity which is fully described in these pages.

Beloved of earth! read, mark, and attentively con-

sider the statements made in this book. Do not hastily conclude. Open your minds to God,—to your Saviour Jesus Christ, and pray to Him that He will shew you by His Divine Power, if this book is fair to look upon in His sight, or whether it be only a transcript of error and delusion,—a sign of the last times, as some, alas! may think. Yes, beloved, it is indeed a sign of the last times of error and confusion of tongues. The conflict of truth with error is fast coming to a crisis, for the Babel is falling,—the tower already trembles, and it will fall, and a new city will be built up from its ruins. The voice of one crying in the wilderness will say, "Behold the Lamb of God." I say so; I wish to point to the Lamb of God. I wish to draw all hearts to Him, to the spotless Lamb of God,—to Him who walked your earth as God in the flesh,—who veiled His Divinity for a season that He might heal you of your divers diseases, —who bore our sorrows and our infirmities,—who will lead all as sheep into His fold,—who will deal gently with those that are feeble, and will carry the lambs in His bosom.

O my readers! lift up your souls to this God of love,—of mercy unspeakable. He looks with an eye of divine favor on all. He will "turn the ungodly

to the wisdom of the just." He desires not vengeance, but to Him belong the issues from death. His living attribute is love;—it is a love passing the love of women,—it is a love passing the comprehension of men;—it is omnipotent, omnipresent, and it is omniscient.

I have now said enough to induce you to turn over the pages of this book. Do so with prayer,—do so with all due regard to the exercise of your own judgment;—for till *that* is convinced, you must, on no account, give credence or assent to anything that is here recorded. Do so also with a due regard to the tender and delicate feelings of her who is the medium for bringing my thoughts to earth. They are to be considered as the thoughts, sentiments, and observations of one, who, by the love and mercy of God, is now far removed from your world; for he has been, for some years, an inhabitant of heaven. He has sorrowed and he has joyed on earth; but the joy was faint and fleeting, the sorrow was more abiding. But of that I speak not here. The shadows of my life on earth are developed in these pages. They were not cast on my soul in vain; they have prepared the eye of my spirit to behold the glories of the spheres. They are mirrored in the waters of the

lake before you; do not ruffle its calmness by casting in mire,—do not sully its purity, but love to gaze on it with tranquillity, and with a soul refreshed by its hallowing influence.

AN

ANGEL'S MESSAGE.

THESE pages are a record of TRUTH; and it is the very truth, neither more nor less, that shall here be told. Yes! lift up your soul to God, to whom you owe so much, for saving you from error and false feeling. I see you pray that as He is giving me the power to do this, so He will give you the power to work with me; that every word may be as He shall direct. You desire to follow me truly: for when this work is done, you will have great satisfaction, not only in reading it yourself, but in knowing that all who have been interested in the progress of these communications are at last in possession of the whole in a complete form.

In the commencement of your mediumship you received very beautiful communications from the spirit of your beloved mother. She wrote all that

you received before I was known to you, and she revealed me to you. Oh my own! you had no thought of my being in any way connected with you, because there had been no connexion in the world; and so you wept, and said, "Oh no! it cannot be, it can never be!" But I have now been permitted to shew you that we are spiritually united. You now know that what you thought so impossible, can be by the power of God; for He has joined us spiritually together. I have many things to tell you, and many new states to open in you; but all cannot be revealed at once. You remember our Lord's words, "I have many things to say unto you, but you cannot bear them now." Oh! have great patience and faith, all ye who love the Lord, for there are great things in store for ye all.

The Scripture has said, "When they shall rise from the dead, they neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels which are in heaven." How are the angels in heaven? Are they men and women, or not either? Have they neither parts nor passions? Do they not love God? Do they not love mercy, truth, and goodness? Do they not love all that is holy and pure, sacred and heavenly, in its origin and degree? Do they not pity the ignorant and self-destroying sinner? Therefore they have passions, but holy passions. They love purity, and hate all impurity. They do not hate the person, but they

love and pity him, while they hate and abhor his impurity. They are of like passions with God; for He loves all. His rain descends on the just and on the unjust. His sun shines on all alike; but all do not turn their faces to that sun of love and mercy: all will not walk in the strait and narrow way, but will take the downward path that is broad but leadeth to destruction. Now I wish to take you to the strait and narrow way; but put confidence in me only as it appears to you that I lead you to Christ—to Him who has said that in heaven "they neither marry, nor are given in marriage."

How are these sacred words to be understood—according to the letter alone, or according to the spirit within the letter? Jesus said, "My words are spirit, and they are life"—"the letter killeth, the spirit maketh alive;" that is, the letter, taken alone, is dead, but when united with the spiritual sense, it is vivified. Therefore let us now see what is the spirit of the words, "For when they shall rise from the dead, they neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels which are in heaven."

Is there no spiritual marriage, no union of the souls that God has made male and female from the beginning? Are they ever made one flesh naturally? Must it not be spiritually that they are so? Are not Christ's words "spirit and life?" Did He not always answer according to the spirit? When the

Sadducees asked Him concerning the woman who had had seven husbands, did they ask the question in a spiritual or a natural sense? And how did the Lord answer them? Did He not adapt His answer to their low conceptions of the married state? For in the world a woman may have seven husbands, and yet not one of them may be spiritually united to her. There may have been *no union of soul* with any of the seven, or there may have been with one, but with one only; and she shall surely be his wife in heaven, and none other. "They twain shall be one flesh, and let no man put them asunder."

To my own, these truths have been familiar from her childhood—they are her household gods—they have fed and nourished her spirit from early years; but few see them in the light that she has been brought up to view them in.

She is now reading a book she is much pleased with, by an American author, being an account of his communications with spirits and angels of a high class,* and she is becoming much impressed with the truth and beauty of that work; and although not spiritually dictated, it is still designed to inculcate the same grand and important truth which I desire to impress upon the minds of all who read this book, —that although the angels of heaven "neither marry, nor are given in marriage," according to the flesh,

* Harris's *Wisdom of Angels.*

they do so according to the spirit—that spirit which will live for ever eternal in the heavens. For if marriage is a holy institution, it must be eternal; for *nothing can be holy that is not.* But it is instituted by God Himself for eternal purposes, and is indeed holy, pure, chaste, and everlasting. Let no man say it is not. Let no man say it is for the world of nature alone. It is for the world of nature first, and for the world of spirit for ever.

Thus it is that I am permitted to come and communicate with one who will be mine in eternity. In the world she knew me not as hers; she saw me but for a brief period of time, and then I thought not of her, I valued her not; I thought much more of her parents: I was not then open to the fascinations of a young and pretty girl. She thought of me very differently to what I supposed; for she saw in me a man very different to those she knew, or whom she thought she should be thrown into society with. She had her own private meditations. She loved to see how I delighted to converse on holy themes. She saw that I was older than her, and that the world had no charms for me. It then had for her. She loved the dance and the look of admiration she excited in those who gazed on her graceful form as she flitted by in gay attire. She feared that all these girlish tastes might become an abiding love; and, oh! she would fain have given up all those worldly

thoughts, and have passed her life with me. She thought I was young, and yet how spiritual,—I was gay sometimes, yet how truly good and deeply interested in holy spiritual truth,—how I should take her out of all the folly, and all the snares and fascination of gay society which she felt she was rapidly going into. So she did hope and think that perhaps I might be the one whom Providence had selected to be hers.

Oh, how little did I dream of what was going on within that young and innocent bosom, which did not heave when I approached, nor did I notice any conscious look when my eye met her's. When I walked with her and my sister, we did not dwell on heavenly themes; for though I knew that she loved them, yet did I deem her too young to converse with the depth of wisdom which I then required.

I soon left her presence, and thought no more of her, for I had no reason to do so. I did not care for her, she therefore thought, why should she think of me? Other interests ensued, and other thoughts succeeded those that had occupied her mind while I was with her, and even for a time after I had left her, for she still remembered me with interest, and rejoiced at the correspondence which was opened between me and her father. But I never alluded to her with any such feeling, and little imagined that she would care about my letters, for they were generally on abstruse spiritual themes, such as

were not likely to engage the attention of one so young.

But it was far otherwise. She had heard, seen, and felt, that which could never be effaced from her memory. She went, as she had expected, into much gay society: she danced, she laughed, she adorned her person, she sought to please, but it was a vain show; for though she felt as she appeared at the time, often did my form rise before her mental vision: and when she thought thereon, she wept, for she said within herself, "Oh, how different he is to all the men I shall meet where I am going." So she did not forget me as I forgot her.

While I was with her, she had loved to know that I talked with her father on high and heavenly themes, for I had learnt to love the sacred page of Holy Writ, and I then delighted in conversing on spiritual subjects. I had formerly passed through much that was dark and drear. I had had my doubtings of God's truth. I had read infidel authors, and had thought their arguments could not be gainsayed. I had built up a Babel which had to be pulled down. Down it all came at last; and oh, how great was the confusion that ensued! The mists of error and false reasoning covered my soul. I took up the Bible, but I could not understand its meaning. I cried out to God, but the echo of my own voice alone came back to me. Oh yes, beloved! I now see why it was I

then heard no answering voice. I called, but the building I had myself built up sent forth its echo on my soul's ear, or rather, the ruins of that Babel which had fallen around me. Oh, how hollow was its sound! How dark the shadows cast by that Babel of false reason. But at last the Lord opened my eyes, and I saw "men as trees walking." I saw holy truth at last; I heard its voice calling to me and saying, "Come up hither, and I will shew thee the holy city."

I loved no woman, for I had seen none that could satisfy my soul. No, not even her who is now my own: for my conjugial principle was not open when I saw her on earth; it was kept closed till I came here. I use the word *conjugial* to denote a more interior affection than is expressed by conjugal, for that term may be applied to *all* married partners, whereas conjugial only applies to those who are *spiritually* united.

I loved her father. I saw in him one deeply versed in spiritual truth; a man many years my senior, but yet of gay and youthful manners, whose conversation much delighted me. I saw that he had a wife that was his counterpart in every spiritual attainment, and yet whose deep woman's soul was full of every sweet feminine grace. I loved to gaze into her deep earnest eyes, and hear her reiterate all her husband had said, only adding all the gracefulness,—oh!

such sweetness there was in her way of saying things —of propounding holy truth in so simple a manner, that it reached the heart as well as the brain.

I had some dear ones with me who were much captivated by my new friend's charming wife, and who also loved to listen to the words of truth that fell from her pallid lips, for sickness had been busy with her. A painful malady taught her, day by day, that on earth there is no rest for the weary. She looked on her children, and for them—oh no! she did not wish, but she hoped it might be in the good providence of God, that she should yet be spared to watch over their tender youth; though both were past their childhood, she well knew the young and lovely girl would long need a mother's eye. She knew her son had to mix in the world, to which he was then a stranger; and how well she performed her duties, that daughter and that son can testify.

I shall here produce a poem which that Christian mother wrote, when she whose hand now traces these lines had attained her twelfth year; for it will shew how much her mother was to her.

"TO MY DAUGHTER,

"ON HER ATTAINING HER TWELFTH YEAR.

"Spring, in her earliest robes of white and green,
With timid footsteps and with looks serene;

The silvery wreath still glistening on her brows,
Dropping its snowy blossoms as she goes,
Breathed on me sweet this morn, and sweetly smiled:
She told me of thy natal day, my child!
That blissful day that gave thee to my sight,
Beloved object! source of true delight;
Dear to thy mother as her vital breath;
One for whose sake a respite still from death
She prays, in fervent hope the boon to gain,
And long on earth thy guardian friend remain.
Though other dear ones would her loss deplore,
A shorter period might their peace restore;
Thy father's reason, and thy brother's youth,
Would timely reconcile the mournful truth;
But thy ripe feelings, ne'er by sorrow tried,
Could feebly stem affliction's powerful tide;
Long would the tributary torrent swell,
Ere firm religion could its force repel.
More than lost tenderness thy tears would claim;
Exalted duties stamp a mother's name.
Not in the soothing voice, the fond embrace,
Or smiling features only, canst thou trace
The overflowings of maternal love,—
The prompt rebuke its influence will prove;
The kind restraint will, as a golden chain,
Bind thee to virtue and her heav'nly train;
And when thy days of infancy are fled,
When full-blown roses deck thy virgin head;
Wilt thou not then require a mother's care,
To teach thee how that blooming wreath to wear?—
Not to expose it heedlessly to view,
Whilst yet bespangled with life's morning dew;
Lest youthful vanity thy bosom move,
To deem each sportive sigh the breath of love.
The bud, whilst sheltered in its mossy cell,
In unexpanded beauty safe may dwell;
But if when blown it rashly courts the gale,
In blushing sweetness, and a form so frail;

Torn p'rhaps too rudely from the parent stalk,
Its balmy honors strew the verdant walk;
Or one by one they flutter in the wind,
Leaving a bare unlovely stem behind.
My child's fair wreath a happier lot shall know,
Exhaling virtues o'er her gentle brow;
Till time an amaranthine crown bestows,
And wisdom's never-fading flow'ret blows.
'But who, this enviable gift to gain,
Will teach thy child, if thou should'st not remain,
My honor'd mother?' sweet Affection cries.
On thy loved father turn thy tearful eyes!
In him an abler guardian shalt thou find,—
One in whom love and wisdom are conjoined.
Ere yet thy infant form my bosom prest,
The fond anticipation filled my breast;
That to a daughter which I asked of heaven,
His temper with his virtues might be given.
Not for a beauteous form and lovely face,
My prayers were offered at the Throne of Grace;
But for a casket of unblemished mould,
To guard a gem of pure celestial gold;
That, like a polished alabaster shrine,
Deriving lustre from the lamp within,
The sacred flame of an angelic soul,
Enkindling, might irradiate the whole.
Hope gathered strength, when in thy early morn,
I saw its heavenly rays thy mind adorn!
Haste then, my child! thy peaceful couch to leave;
Haste thee, thy parent's blessing to receive!
They ask not for thee this world's transient wealth,
But heavenly gifts with innocence and health;
A thirst for knowledge, and a taste refined,
With sweet contentment,—treasure of the mind;
A heart that glows with pure religion's fire,
In whose bright beams all earth-born thoughts expire.
And Oh! may God thy Saviour e'er attend,
And guide thy footsteps to their destined end!"

The desire to know anything of the previous life of a spirit should never be expressed or even felt by mortals; for they cannot tell whether it is allowed for the spiritual being to return to a recollection of his existence in the natural world, or not; and it may be that to recall the scenes of his life in that world would much distress him, and thereby interfere with his progress in the world of spirit. But as I have been brought to a recollection of all my states of trial and temptation passed through when I was a man on your earth, I have no such pain in the contemplation of them; because it is a state in which the Lord has placed me for a peculiar purpose of His own. I have not been drawn into it from any desire on the part of my wife and medium on earth, or by any one else. I have not desired it from myself, but it has been unexpectedly opened in me; just as much so as the mediatorial power to communicate with me has been bestowed upon her, my earthly and spiritual companion; for she is both the one and the other. I am delighted, refreshed, and strengthened by beholding what I was, and what I now am. I can now see how it was that the good Shepherd of Israel led me through the wilderness I have left; for, beloved, ye may well call it a wilderness. There is here and there to be found a solitary flower of hope or promise, but "the wind passeth over it and it is gone." I gathered some of these blooming, fresh-looking buds

of promise, in my lonely wanderings on the shores of earth; but they one by one withered in my hand: so I laid them all aside, and thought to gather no more, for if I did, doubtless they also would wither away, and the place thereof would know them no more.

I walked the shore of earth a solitary man; a man of ardent feelings, of strong passions, of a thoughtful turn of mind, of a loving nature; but I had few to expend it upon. I loved my friends, but few of them understood me. They thought me secret and concentrated within myself; but I was only thoughtful and singular because I had aspirations that could not, as I believed, ever be realized. I wrote the following sonnet to give vent to my pent-up sorrow:—

"I sigh and sigh, oppressed with inward sense
Of wants ungratified,—of powers unused,—
Of holy truth with error all confused,—
Of weakness left almost without defence.
Conscious of aspirations strong and pure,
After the Good Supreme,—mine own offence
Unveiling before God,—I still endure
The misery that seeks in vain a cure.
How long, O God! shall I thine aid implore,
To strengthen me against myself, and give
That power by which alone my soul can live
And manifest Thy beauty more and more,
In all those boundless energies that move
The souls of those who walk with Thee in love?"

I mourned in secret, but outwardly I was a gay companion. I could laugh with a loaded heart. I could essay to be witty with a tear in my eye. It

brings one and many into the eyes of her who loves me, to hear that; but she prays her God to keep back her own feelings for me, that she may perform this unexpected duty aright. She forgets that she has done the same herself;—that she has smiled to cover the tear that was just ready to gush forth; she has driven it back till her chamber door was closed, and then came down the pent-up torrent.

So it was with her, and so it was with me. We have both mourned in secret; and we have both appeared to the world to be much happier than we really were.

I see she questions how far this sort of dissimulation may be considered allowable. No, beloved! it is not allowable, for it is wearing a mask; yet if it is practised to relieve others of the pain it would occasion them to perceive that you, whom they love, were unhappy and suffering, it is very pardonable; but if it proceed, as it very often does, from pride, from a dislike to be pitied, then it is not so pardonable. In my case it proceeded from pride, and from an inward dislike to be considered a "melancholy fellow," which is the epithet I should have won for myself by not appearing as gay and thoughtless as my daily companions were. Some of them may read these lines, and they will hardly recognize their gay college friend, who had his ready jest and his thoughtless mood of gaiety with them.

She who writes these lines has had her secret sorrows. They have oppressed her spirit when none were by who cared to know them; and they have also borne her company when she has been with those who were very dear to her, and whose tender feelings would have been much wounded to know that she whom they so loved was suffering from an inward depression of spirit. Therefore it was that her face belied her heart, and she smiled, as I have said before, to conceal the tear that was fast swelling in her eye.

But you will say, Why was this? what caused this inward sorrow? Ask her; but she cannot tell. It was ever a mystery to herself. It came and went, she knew not why, for its cause was hid from her.

Oh! she is saying, it is her soul's history. But it is enough that half is here narrated as of sufficient import to shew how a true woman will long for the conjugial state, and a true man also. She is now satisfied beyond what she could have hoped for on earth. But there are very many who long, and yet are not satisfied till they come here. But love your trial, for it will bless ye when heaven dawns upon your soul; it will gladden your lonely heart to see an angel form approach with tender looks, to lead ye to the bowers of holy conjugial love.

Be ye not afraid of any unhallowed feeling coming in the way. She who is your's will not appear till ye

are purified from the taint of earth. I knew not mine till I became so. I approached her not till I had been purged with hyssop, and washed whiter than snow. I did not watch over her till I could look upon her with a hallowed eye,—with a sacred feeling of awe; for though she was not pure as an angel, still she desired to be so. She prayed to become so. She was careless of prayer ere the veil was withdrawn; but she knew that God loved her, and she desired to love God. She wept, but she prayed rarely. She did not feel that she could pray earnestly enough, so she wept instead.

I saw her tears, but I did not speak to her soul; for her spirit-ear was as yet closed: it could not hear my voice. It was not for me to open it; but I saw that it would be opened. I gazed on her prostrate form as she lay and wept, and sighed out her soul's heaviness.

But at last there came a change over her weary spirit. It was reported that a certain young man had arrived from a distant land, who was what is called a medium, through whom departed spirits could manifest their presence to mortals; and that the most extraordinary phenomena occurred: that tables were moved, and that even mental questions were replied to by rapping sounds proceeding from the board at which a party of persons might be seated to hold communion with their departed relatives. It was

also stated that various portable things were conveyed from one person to another by invisible agency, so that many sceptics were convinced of the truth and reality of a future state of existence by these extraordinary means; and that the young man had very remarkable trances, in which he could see and describe the appearance of departed spirits, so that they were immediately to be recognized by their friends still in the flesh.

Now all this excited a very deep interest in the mind of her who was so often longing to be taken out of her house of clay, and to be elevated into that house which is incorruptible, eternal in the heavens. So that when she herself heard and saw, she became deeply impressed with the truth and reality of these things; and she derived much and lasting comfort from the assurances that were, through the medium, afforded her of the presence and watchful guardianship of her angel mother, which was the truth.

She had a bracelet taken from her arm and given to her father by an unseen power. She thought it was that angel mother, for the artful medium said it was, and that he saw it on her spirit arm; but he lied, for no particular spirit did it. Yet it may be said to have been done by a spirit, for it was spirit influence that effected it, but not any one identical being.

But did it never occur to you, my own, that spirits

are able to feign themselves angels of light, although they may be devils from hell? I see that you did so question it in many ways; but when you heard of so much good being done by these things, you applied the passage, "By their fruits ye shall know them;" and so you thought you had tried the spirits and found them to be of God.

Now I will shew you that it was all permitted for a season, to effect a very great good. Your mind could not at that time have grasped all that has since been presented to it; but I see that you are now well prepared to receive the explanation which your heavenly Father desires may be conveyed to your mind.

It will very likely surprise you to hear that it was a very great delusion; for your dear mother did not do what you thought she did, nor did any spirit out of the flesh do it; but the medium did it by a magical power which he possesses to a very great extent; for to feign the appearance of reality is the very life of magic.

But when you sat in circle at the house of a much-loved friend, *without any professed medium being present*, you received communications of a similar nature, though they were then confined to rapping and table-moving. How then are you to account for that? You all received very striking answers to your questions, and very remarkable proofs of the presence of your departed ones were given. Not only

yourself, but also your cousins who were with you, received the same evidence of spirit power to communicate with those they had loved on earth.

I shall now proceed to shew you that all this may be done, and yet *not one departed spirit have had anything to do with it.*

I wish you always to bear in mind that I am not to have a machine to work upon, but one who has her own independent judgment to consult; and until that judgment is convinced, I do not wish you, in any case to assent to that which I may lay down as the truth. I am an angel sent by the All-wise to shew you and other mortals what is the truth; but if you cannot receive it, put it aside till the proper time shall come, and then will you see clearly that I have told you the very truth. I am not so likely to be misunderstood by my own, because her affections go with me. Her heart is at rest; that is, she is now feeling so happy and peaceful under the assurance that the Almighty will protect her from all evil, and that he will also lead her into the paths of truth.

Oh, my beloved! the time may be long ere all will see and feel as you do; for you open your soul to God. You pray that He will lead you, and protect you from all error. You go to Him for your daily bread, asking Him to give you all your feelings and desires.

But I shall not be able to proceed if you are not

prepared to expect that much I may have to say will be contrary to your preconceived opinions; for you believe that all the various manifestations you have witnessed were the work of departed spirits. Not so; some were, and some were not, but were produced by those still in the natural body. I will therefore now proceed to shew you what part of these mysterious things are produced by departed, and what part by undeparted, spirits.

Every human being is a spirit, whether in the world or not; therefore the spirit *in* the flesh may produce sounds or raps on a table just as well as the spirit *out* of the flesh. You remember that your father once suggested this idea, and that a worthy man then present was pleased with it; but you did not yourself give any heed to it, not deeming it to be the true way of accounting for the raps you have so often heard, both in circles and out of them: for as you well knew that some of them could only be produced by departed spirits, you did not see why the whole should not be. Now I will, as I have said, proceed to point out to you by what means you may always know whether a spirit manifestation is produced by one in, or by one out of the flesh.

When you were sitting in circle at the house of the friend referred to, you heard, for the first time, with much surprise and pleasure, the much talked of spirit-rap. You put your questions with some emo-

tion, for you felt it was your dear departed mother who was thus communicating with you. Your father, and all who were with you, did the same, and very wonderful were the replies that you received. Yet, in all but one case, they were just what you fully expected they would be. That case seemed to indicate to you that it was an independent power that produced the answer to your questions—sometimes by raps, and sometimes by very decided movements of the table at which you were all seated. Now in the case to which I have just referred, what evidence have you that the answer, or the sentiment which appeared to be expressed by the sudden and unexpected movement of the table, did not exist in the mind of some, or perhaps of only one, of the persons present? You do, I see, think that it might possibly have existed in the mind of the questioner, who was the daughter of the spirit you supposed to be giving the answer; and you cannot tell what passed in her mind at the moment of asking her question. Neither can you tell what effect that latent idea, which was a true one, may have had in obtaining the response, and also causing the movement of the table towards you; for the remark immediately followed, "That is because you have always taken such an interest in him."

But I will not have you any longer suppose that it was any feeling of recognition on the part of his

departed mother, that caused the table, on that well-remembered evening, to move towards you. It was simply produced by the thought which followed the question, "Do you watch over T——, dear mamma?" The answer was given in the affirmative, and the table then approached you. But be not so sure that any departed one was concerned in its movements; for, except in the case just related, the whole was occasioned by the force of the concentrated wills of those present. That spirit mother was indeed present, but she did not produce the answer: it came as a natural effect of the thought, or, perhaps, of the knowledge only, in the mind of the daughter who put the question. So the mother saw the truthful answer. But had the daughter asked, "Is the spirit of such or such a one present?" believing that they were so, when truly they were not, then would that spirit mother have produced the number of sounds requisite to indicate a negative answer to the question which, it was supposed, would be replied to in the affirmative. On that notable occasion, all the spirits thought of with so much affection, were present, and many others also.

I will now explain, as far as I have the power given me, how these "raps," as they are called, are produced. I have just caused a clear sound or rap to be heard by my medium, on the table at which she is now writing; and she feels pleased to think that I

am so near as to be able to produce that sound. Now I am not in a state to do it myself, for I do not occupy that particular sphere in which those spirits reside who have that power. I therefore desire one of them to make such a sound on the table, because I wish her to hear it, in order that I may be able to write, through her, an explanation of the way in which these mysterious sounds are produced by us spirits.

All angels have, on particular occasions, and for particular purposes, the power to control the action of spirits who are in an inferior degree of spirit life. They do not do so of their own will, but of the Lord's will in them. The presence of a spirit who can produce a rap, is co-existent with the necessity that it should be done. Now in spirit language, all this is communicated in an instant of time, as you say in your natural language; that is, I look at him, and he sees in my face all I wish him to do. He produces a certain effect on her brain: the consequence of that proceeding is, that the effluvia of her natural body is concentrated, and, by a law of matter and spirit combined, it is propelled on to the table; and, on coming in contact with that material object, a slight explosion takes place, which reaches her natural organ of hearing as a rap or sound; then I remove the presence of that spirit from her, and continue my process of dictation into her mind.

So now I have told you how the raps are made to convey spiritual discourse to your natural mind. There are very many who may prefer to believe that a spirit can do it by knocking on the table with his hand, in the same way as he would when in the world; but if you wish to know the truth, I have just given it you: if you cannot receive this explanation, then believe as you feel most inclined; for it will not hurt any one to believe that the appearance is truer than the reality. There are some who like to investigate the nature and causes of things, and others who only care about the outward effects: both these classes of persons must take that which best suits their natural disposition and calibre of intellect.

I will here repeat, that on the occasion last referred to, no professed medium was present: my own had not then become one. I shall not say who was the medium, for all were partially such.

I have stated that the young man previously mentioned as a reputed medium, was gifted with the power of magic to a very great extent, and that he thus produced all those marvellous effects which have so much astonished and perplexed those who witnessed them. The power of locomotion seemed to be given to many inanimate objects, such as tables and chairs: watches were conveyed from one person to another, and musical instruments were played on, without any visible agency. The case I have alluded

to as occurring to my own and her father was of the same description, but it was not of the same extraordinary character as many other feats performed in the presence of a numerous company, who nightly assembled to sit at the table with this gifted young person, a professed medium for producing the presence of departed spirits, to convince their mortal friends and relatives that they truly were living beings in a spiritual world. Alas! that such things should be needed to confirm such a truth!

But the departed spirits who were supposed to be present, were not so in reality; for they could not approach one gifted with the evil power of magic. Their presence was simulated by the deceitful ones who are ever in communion with their like in the flesh; for the young man of whom we are speaking is a powerful medium for evil spirits to manifest themselves through. Magic is a power not much known at the present day. Formerly it was carried on to a very great extent. It is an unseen power proceeding from the will of an evil spirit, not from the will of God; it is an inversion of the laws of order according to which He has created the universe.

The young man had what were supposed to be trances, but which in reality were only certain states of clairvoyance into which he could put himself, for the purpose of looking into the minds of those pre-

sent. In this state he could simulate the identical voice and manner of a departed one, so that his friend in the flesh could not reasonably entertain a doubt of his spirit being wholly present. It has been said that this person informed those present that deceased relatives with whom they believed themselves to be in no way associated, were with them, knew them, and watched over them; and that in some cases he even revealed the presence of relatives who had left the world without their ever having had any knowledge of their existence. In these cases, the departed one was in connexion with the party to whom the communication was made, and therefore he could, in a clairvoyant state, easily discover that fact.

I have elsewhere explained the way in which raps are produced. Tables are made to move, in answer to the questions of those seated at them, by the same spiritual power, but by spirits in a different sphere; that is, a spirit may be able to answer you by producing raps on the table; but he may not be able to move one, or the contrary may be the case. But, as I have shewn with regard to the rap, so is it with the spirit who moves the table: he does not lift it with his hands as he would have done when in the natural body, but he produces an effect on the organization of the medium present, in order to attain the object he has in view, namely, to convey to your mind an answer to your question through the move-

ment of the table at which you are sitting. For, to have a table moved, it is absolutely necessary that there should be a medium present who is open to influences from the class of spirits who have the power to produce that particular effect; or if a rap is to be heard, there must be a rapping medium present. Now my own is thinking that she is not a rapping medium, and yet she has frequently heard these raps when she has been quite alone; indeed, they have occurred to her much more frequently in that case than when in the presence of others. This will shew you that all mediums may receive manifestations of a lower character than that which is the distinctive nature of their mediumship; but they cannot receive those of a higher spiritual development until a certain process has been gone through within their spiritual and even natural organization.

There is a great distinction to be observed between the movement of tables and other things produced by magical art, and the true spiritual phenomena of receiving answers to questions, and holding conversational intercourse with departed relatives and friends by the means of orderly spiritual manifestations. The one is truly heavenly, and therefore perfectly allowable; but the other is diabolical and profane. The difference is this,—a person desires to affect his friend, who does not believe in the contiguity of spiritual beings; so he invites him to sit at a table,

for the purpose of receiving rapping or table-moving communications from the departed ones. This is a holy purpose, and should always be entered upon with prayer—either audible or otherwise—and with a mind elevated by a true desire to benefit and enlighten the unbeliever present. Then will the spirits who are called upon to communicate, be of a pure and truthful character: none other will desire to approach that hallowed sphere of love to a blind and suffering brother. But if, on the contrary, a medium sit down at a table to seek for open intercourse with the departed, for the secret end of advancing his own reputation or advantage in any way, then will he undoubtedly attract the presence of evil spirits, or genii, as the most diabolical of the inhabitants of hell are called; and he will, at the expense of his own spiritual life, promote his desired object: for the table, or anything else, may be moved, lifted off the floor, dashed to pieces it may be, not by the will of God, but by the infernal host which his own evil lust has called up from the caverns of hell.

Oh! how I see my medium wonder at all this; for it is quite new to her, though she thinks it may not be so to all. But she loves truth, and will readily acknowledge herself to have been under a false impression, as she has been. I shall therefore now pursue my own course of reasoning quite independent of her mind, for I see she will only write down just

whatever words or expressions I may find it necessary to dictate.

I shall now proceed to explain the phenomenon of trance, which is very frequently experienced by those who hold open intercourse with departed spirits. It is a state in which the outward or bodily senses are laid asleep, but those of the mind are fully awake. A trance medium should be very careful, when expecting to be entranced, to put up an inward prayer to his Divine Protector—not trusting to any spirit or even angel—that he may be preserved from all harm, or the possibility of anything evil, false, or delusive, approaching him. Then will his spirit indeed be safe in the hands of its Maker, and he or she may sink to rest as calmly as the infant on its mother's breast; for it is as a mother watches over the slumbers of her tender babe, that the Almighty One will watch over the spiritual sleep of the medium, in order that the faculties of the spirit may be employed by the angelic beings closely gathered round, to bring into open intercourse with themselves the company of earthly ones who are waiting to catch the music of the spheres, which will then pour forth in human language from his unconscious lips. But if, while he is engaged in this holy act of prayer, he becomes sensible of an inward oppression of mind, or, it may be, of an outward bodily oppression or pain, or he does not feel so calm or composed as he could wish to be,

let him, in such case, on no account, submit himself to be taken up into the spiritual element of life, for it is not pure. His sensitive nature is affected by an uncongenial sphere from among the company present; and though he may not perceive who, or how many, among them are not pure enough to admit of the intercourse which will be opened through him, if he become entranced; still he may be very sure that "there is death in the pot," and that there is much need of the leaven of inward righteousness to be cast in.

If the trance medium would give himself up to the entire guidance of God, then would he be saved from very many of the trials and mortifications that often beset his path. But to shew you exactly how he should carry out this end, I will suppose a young person of either sex, to be entranced in the company of one or more persons who are of a sceptical turn of mind; that is, they think it more than probable that the medium is going to deceive them by giving utterance to an address from his own conscious power of mind, under the pretence that he is all the while perfectly unconscious. One person present may be in that false persuasion, and another may fully believe in the genuineness of the trance or unconscious state of the medium; but his impression may be that the whole is a disorderly proceeding, and that none but false and delusive spirits will speak through the medium.

A very good man may hold either of these opinions, not being aware that they are false. The medium is thus placed in a very opposing sphere; but if he has prayed to the Lord who seeth in secret, he will be preserved from all harm, and the words which he may give utterance to, may be so directed as to meet the difficulties, or answer the doubts and objections of both the sceptical parties present, and much good may thereby be effected; for my own has known cases in which unmistakable evidence has been given of the trance state being not only perfectly genuine, but of a very heavenly and exalted character.

Be ye then careful, my young friends, who are trance mediums. Look up to God your Saviour. Do not suppose that the company of angels and good spirits you think you will enter, when your bodily senses are laid asleep in trance, will be sufficient to protect you from the wiles of the evil and false ones, who are ever watching you with serpents' eyes, ready to devour up the green herb and the tender bud of your soul's garden. Be never afraid of allowing yourselves to be entranced, but do so in the way I have described. It will then be a holy and blessed privilege, which ye may not shrink from without refusing the means God has placed in your way to draw many an erring one into His fold. Ye may also greatly comfort and sustain many sinking hearts, by pointing out the way to obtain that consolation and hope which

they require. Be prayerful, calm, and temperate in all things; never desire to be entranced of your own will, but only because it appears to you to be the will of God; and always attend closely to the observations I have been permitted to make for the benefit and enlightenment of all those who either are, or may become, trance mediums.

The appearance of spirit hands and arms is so very remarkable that it is with difficulty believed to be possible. But as they have been made visible to many persons, those who have witnessed the other branches of spirit phenomena have no doubt of the reality of this phase also.

When a spirit has long since departed your earth, if he is in a good and progressing state, it is not possible for him to assume that outward appearance. But as he will always retain a great degree of love and regard for those he has left behind, he is anxious to make that affection appear even to the outward senses of his relatives and friends on earth.

All angels can command the attendance of spirits who are of a lower degree; and therefore, if permitted by the Lord, one of them can be commissioned to take of the effluvia from the person of the medium, or from the various members of the circle present, and by condensing it, can form a temporary covering for his spirit-hand, which shall be quite solid and tangible, so that it can be grasped by you, and can

convey external objects from one part of the room to another. These hands can take hold of anything just as well as you can; but if you retain them long in your hand, they will melt or dissolve away. They can be seen by all present. It does not require any spiritual preparation to see them, for they are quite material during the time of their existence. My own has beheld such a hand, and has seen it remove a wreath of natural flowers from the head of one of the party present, bear it round the table, and afterwards let it fall on the board, as it were from a height above it.

My friends, it is not to excite curiosity or wonder that all these things have come to pass. It is not even for the purpose of gratifying your natural affections, that they are ordered of your heavenly Father; but to benefit, to bless, to enlighten your spiritual minds, and to lead you to Himself. Many and many a darkened mind has been brought to a knowledge of sacred truth through the spirit-rap, and many a silent tear has been stayed in its course, many an unbeliever has been brought to a certain knowledge of a future life, and a revelation to cling to.

O ye atheists, infidels, or whatever ye like to be called, search into the depths of your own hearts, and see if what ye think and persuade yourselves to be the truth, yields ye a full measure of happiness or not! If it satisfy your natural cravings, rest in it;

it is your solitary portion: but if ye be not satisfied, let it fall, scatter it to the winds, and again look into your soul's well, and I will promise ye a measure full and running over with the good things of heaven, which ye may taste of even ere ye enter its sacred portals; for it is the gate of life ye will enter, ere ye approach unto the gate of paradise.

I will now resume my discourse on the nature of these seeming trivial, yet very important, phenomena, which it has perplexed so many to account for.

A party of persons sit down to a table for the purpose of witnessing spirit manifestations. They wish the table to be moved in a particular way; a spirit present also wishes it to be moved in a certain direction. In both cases it is the will of a spirit that causes the motion which immediately ensues; for those in the flesh are spirits as well as those out of the flesh.

If a person at the board desire a spirit to state by so many raps, how many years it is since he left the world (knowing that it is,—say, three years), the table emits three distinct sounds. But suppose the questioner does not know how long a period of time has passed since the spirit purporting to be present has left the world for eternity, then will he enquire into the truth or falsity of the statement conveyed to his mind by the number of raps proceeding from the table, and if he find it to be correct,—that it truly

is three years since that person departed the present life,—then will he have reason to believe that it was his identical spirit who thus told him so. But if there were any person present at the table who knew that it was three years since death seized the natural body of the spirit communicating, he then cannot be so certain that the sounds were produced by the departed spirit; for it may be that they were produced by the will, or even by the involuntary thought, of that person. It is always preferable to communicate mentally, for then identity is much more readily proved, the question being perceived by the spirit alone. But then he should put such questions as are likely to be answered only by the spirit he is communicating with: if a parent with his departed child, he may say, "How is it with you, my child; are you in a happy state, or are you only preparing to enter heaven?" Then the child-spirit must give an explanatory answer, which will most probably identify him to the mind of his earthly parent. A husband may be thus communicating with his departed wife, and he says mentally, "O my wife, I am grieved that you have left me to walk the path of life alone." The spirit-wife replies, "I have not left you; I watch over you, dear ———; I am ever with you, though you see me not; I can see your spirit, and we shall be again united here."

Remarks of this nature may be made, and replies

obtained, that will tend greatly to comfort and console the bereaved of earth; and the replies given by the departed may be so distinctive and characteristic as to exclude the possibility of doubt in the mind of the earthly communicant. These replies will always be given through the alphabet of your language, that is, a person present repeats it (or the questioner may do so mentally), and the raps will occur at the mention of the letters which go to spell the words required. If the manifestation is by table-moving, the right letters will be indicated in that way: or if there is a writing medium present, it may be that the spirit can move his hand to write the required answers,—which, if the remarks or questions are given mentally, is a very satisfactory mode of holding communication.

No one can produce the sounds or knocks heard on a table, unless he is in a state to be open to spirit intercourse; neither can any one cause a table to move, unless he is in a state to admit the presence of those spirits, who can, by an effort of their will, produce that particular phase of spirit manifestation. Now I am not a spirit that can either rap or move a table, or anything else, but I can write through a medium, who is so constituted that her mind can receive me into it. You will, therefore, perceive that there is a spiritual power required to produce the raps and movements, which nevertheless come through the brain of the medium. But it is thought that the

whole proceeds from the departed ones; this is the error,—the departed must act in unison with the undeparted.

A departed being sees that his earthly relative is about to open a communication with him; so he prays the Lord to be permitted so to act upon him as to be able to give truthful replies to his questions; or to make such remarks, or deliver such messages, as shall conduce to his spiritual benefit. If permission be granted, the spirit places himself *en rapport* with the spirit in the flesh, and if he asks such questions only as he well knows how to answer himself, a truthful answer will be the inevitable consequence, if the questioner is in an orderly state of mind, not otherwise. But if he asks for information on a subject of which he is ignorant, then the spirit acts on his brain, or if he is not a medium, on the brain of one that is, and produces the number of sounds or movements required to indicate a truthful reply.

It is the same if an independent message has to be conveyed, such as, "I am a spirit who lived so many years ago in your world, and I wish to say that I am very happy. My name was so and so, and I can be heard of at such and such a place."

I have said that I have a recollection of the states passed through during the period of my earthly pilgrimage, for it has pleased the Lord to open that particular state in me. It is not a usual one with spirits

and angels; for immediately after the departure of the spirit from the body, the natural memory is closed, and is not again opened till it is seen by the Lord to be a state necessary to enable them to carry out some merciful design of His providence.

Now in the case before us, the spirit remembers that he once lived a mortal man on your earth, and that he had some dear one living in a certain portion of it, to whom he desires to communicate the message he has delivered to a medium, who, it may be, is a stranger to him, and he sees that thus all is regulated by the Divine Providence; for his earthly friend will be much more seriously impressed by receiving it from a stranger, than if it came from one known to the spirit when in the body.

The Lord is good and kind, therefore the simple desire of a poor spirit to inform his earthly friends that he is happy, is attended to by Him. O ye who think it beneath your dignity to watch for the spirit-rap! He who made ye is not so high but that His Almighty ear is ever open to the simple request, the tender longings, the little weaknesses of His children, as well on earth as in the various spirit-spheres. The infant's wail is not unknown to Him. He sees its tender frame, for He has made it, and nourished it in its mother's womb. He has seen its progress, and His eye has noted its natural longings, which He Himself has given it. Did He not give man a heart

to love his fellow-man? And has He been unmindful of the means to satisfy that longing,—that craving for sympathy which exists in every human breast? Is it then beneath the dignity and the awful attributes of Deity to give those means by which the poor simple one—the little one in spirit—may have that longing gratified? Does not power belong to God alone? Then is it not the greatness and the nobility of power that it provide for the weak as well as for the strong? Therefore it is that the poor in spirit are provided for. The rich may not require the crumbs, but the poor do; therefore give to the poor, if ye would have treasure in heaven. Be not therefore ashamed to sit at the poor man's table, but rather deem it an honor and a privilege; for "more blessed is he that giveth than he that receiveth,"—that is, if ye receive of his little things in a true and humble spirit, then will it bless ye more than all that is given and received with a proud and haughty look, for in the first case it blesseth both the giver and the receiver, but in the latter, not either. Therefore despise not the humble spirit-rap, for it is of mighty import. It makes the hidden things of heaven to become known to mortal ears. It is as the lightning and the thunder clap; it reverberates far and wide. Its lightning flash is seen, and its thunder peal goes through your atmosphere, and men say, "What is that?" It resounds through the thick and humid

air; it lets fall heavy showers; it passes, and the air is cleared. Tender flowers are almost crushed by its violence; but then they look up, and put forth greater sweetness than before. So is it with the storm and the thunder, and the rain of spirit influence coming into your world. As a thunder-storm so is it unexpected; it falls not on all, it is only where it is most required; there it comes down in full force, and it clears your mental atmosphere. It resounds far and wide, and those who are in its immediate neighbourhood hear the report of it and say, "What is that? Is it possible that spirits can come and communicate with their friends on earth? No, it cannot be! what idle tale is this?" But some say, "Nay, but let us see if it be so or not:" and these are the wise ones, for they know that great wonders have taken place of old, and how shall they say that they may not now be taking place? So they endeavour to witness manifestations, or if they have not the opportunity of doing so, they seek for credible witnesses who have seen and heard; or they read with avidity all that has been written on this subject, and if they find it to be worthy of credit, they are assured that a great marvel has taken place, and they begin to reason and reflect on the probable consequences of such a great fact being in existence.

But you say, "How is it possible to suppose that the Lord would permit His saints and holy angels to

come down to the level of our sphere to rap on tables, or to communicate with us at all, unless the mind be in a very elevated state for the reception of angelic intercourse. If it is so to be, why do they not appear to us at once, or speak to us with an audible voice? even that would be too low for glorified spirits to condescend to do." Yes, beloved, so it would, if it were not the Divine will that they should do so; and how is it then? Are the spirits of just men made perfect too high to do their Master's bidding? Did not the angel of the Lord come to Manoah, and announce the birth of Samson? Did he not touch the offering of Gideon, and cause fire to come from the rock? Did he think it beneath his dignity to make use of human means to cause a flame of natural fire to spring forth? Why did he not say the word, or why did he do anything but will that the flame should issue forth? Even because he had to accommodate his action to the low natural capacity of the mortal before him, for whose spiritual elevation he had descended to earth, a messenger from his divine Master above.

Beloved, ye judge after the flesh, and not according to the spirit within. The flesh is weak and must be fed with milk; but when ye become spiritual, the Lord will feed you with strong meat fit for spiritual men. Therefore despise not the milk, for ye are babes now. But some of you may not need it, even

now; so let it be for those who do. If ye could bear to see an angel face to face, how many are there who could not! Bless ye the Lord that He has provided for the weak as well as for the strong. Bless and thank Him for the babe's milk, as well as for the strong man's meat. Ye were babes in spirit once, and if He had not nourished you then with the babe's food, how should ye now be able to receive the strong man's meat?

Be ye not therefore slow of heart to believe. The worldly-wise will smile on you with a look of pity for your credulity, if you say you are a believer in spiritualism, as in your world spirit-intercourse is called. Just so would the proud Pharisee of old, if you had said that you believed that Jesus was the Christ. But how would you have felt? Would you have given up that belief because of his contemptuous sneer? "O no," you will say, "but Christ's words were spirit and life." What does that mean, "spirit and life?" Is it that they bore a sacred impress on them? "The divinity was apparent through them, but with regard to modern spirit manifestations we see nothing of the kind." No, but ye do not look for it. Ye may have read some indifferent specimens of spirit-writing, or some wild dissertation on the subject, and so thought the whole very much beneath the notice of sensible minds.

But have you ever thought that there are spirits of

every grade and class? so that if ye are in a disorderly state of mind, ye will call down disorderly associate spirits; and if ye desire to write by spirit-influence, then will some one of these come and write his own fancies through your pen, in a low disorderly manner. The disorder does not emanate from God, but from yourselves; for if the mind is in a state to admit any chimerical notion that may be presented to it, it is readily perceived by those spirits who are of a like genius, and the result follows as a natural consequence. But if ye will put aside all low selfish longings to work in your own way, and will put up your daily prayer to God for strength and knowledge from Him alone, quite independent of any spirit or angel, however high, and will ask Him only to shew you what it is your duty to do, and to desire; then will ye be quite safe from the intrusion of spirits, who are ever on the alert to seize the reins of government.

"He maketh His angels ministers," and it is as His ministers alone that we come. Do not worship us; we are your brethren; worship God. He is our Father and your Father; worship Him all ye His hosts, both small and great, rich and poor together. I have come as His messenger, to shew you, by His divine power, that there is a true and a false spiritualism. I use the term because it is now generally adopted to denote, as I have said before, the existence of, and the belief in, spirit-intercourse in whatever

form it may take place; I am therefore endeavouring to point out the way to avoid the false and to choose the true. I present truth before you, and if you can receive it, do so, and God will bless you in it; but if you cannot, then let it pass,—it is not yet the time for your eyes to be opened. If ye who so reject it, love the Lord, go on and try to love Him more; but if ye can receive it, it will aid ye to love Him more truly, for it will shew ye what good things are in store for those who wish to love Him more and more truly and fully.

I have now given a long and minute account of the nature and tendency of what are usually called physical manifestations. They are of very great importance to be well understood, and are very valuable as forming a foundation and introduction to the higher branches of spirit-communion, which usually follow, if sufficient interest has been excited to induce continued investigation of the subject. So that if you desire to have open communion with your departed relatives in the more elevated form of writing, let a pencil be taken in the hand, and placed on a piece of blank paper, as though you were about to write, and you will probably soon find it moved by an invisible power, independent of your will, and that lines, letters, words, and eventually whole sentences appear on the paper before you. By continuing this practice, the hand will at last be moved to trace much more

legible characters, and you will find that your departed relative or friend can thus discourse with you as palpably as before he left your sphere.

O my own! how you dwelt upon the thought that your loved mother still remembered you with all the ardor of her loving nature! How you loved to think that she had seen your tears—that she had watched over your lonely hours! How it cheered your drooping spirit when she wrote through your own hand, that you would become a medium, but that "you must love God, and put your whole trust and confidence in Him;" that "you must pray to Him;" that "you must beware of those who would make all their stay in all that spirits tell them."

Now it was with deep and earnest prayer that my own medium took her pencil, to try if she might be permitted to hold open communion with spirits. She did not ask her mother to come and write through her hand, but she asked her God to shew her whether it were right and allowable for her thus to hold open intercourse with the departed. She prayed Him to tell her, by some guardian spirit, if it were not so, and then she would relinquish the attempt, never again to renew it. In this frame of mind it is impossible for any deception to occur, for the desire is wholly directed by God, and He will send His messengers to reply to the pure request to be thus guided. Then was her hand moved to form the letters of the

words I have already quoted. She then asked mentally, if she might know who it was that then directed her hand, and it was written, "Your angel mother."

Oh! how she longed to behold that angel's face! but it was enough that she was permitted thus to communicate with her who had so loved her when on earth. She dwelt on the image of her loved one—her only dear one above, as she then believed, for she knew not me; she had never once thought of me, her whole mind dwelt on her mother—her ardent-loving mother,—her protector in her childish days, her watchful guardian in her riper years, her charge through long and weary years passed in sickness and in pain. She thought of the nights she had lain at her side, of the head she had so often placed on the pillow beside her, of the wasted form she had borne in her arms, for affection gave her strength. She had watched the progress of the disease that caused that dear one to need her daily tending, and she well remembered how peaceful was the hour that closed her earthly sojourn. It was the one hope that eternity presented before her mental vision, that she should again behold that loved one above, where pain and sorrow are no more; therefore it was that when her hand was moved to write "your angel mother," she raised her soul on high, and blessed God's holy name, that He had permitted that angel one to communicate with her.

I shall here introduce some of that angel mother's messages of love to her who needed the counsels of wisdom they contain.

"When I see I have, J——, heavenly one, been happy in sheltering those I love from the danger they were in of falling into the error of supposing that all open intercourse with those who have passed from earth was not allowed, I stand in the heavenly portals, and bless the Lord that He has delivered both you and me from such a dark state."

"I shall now, my own precious child, be able to shew you all that appears strange and unexplained in what has been written. When I said that W—— was your own husband, I meant that he was, when in the world, the one heaven has intended for you when you open your eyes here. I see that you are surprised, but it is the truth."

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"When you see others leave the world before you, be not too much distressed, for they are gone home before you. Be thankful that their trials are past. I see that this does not distress you. Only fear sin. Have open spirits, for your end is not yet. I see that you dread a long life; but live for God, and delight yourself in doing good. I will always be with you. Live in the love of being of use to others; then will the time not seem long. Love to benefit those who love you. I see that this comforts you.

Your mediumship will compensate you for many privations; then, when you come here, you shall see that all was as was ordered by Infinite Wisdom for the greatest possible good. I have seen that you have often wished to be taken away, but that was not right. Love to live that heaven be more deeply planted in your soul; for if you were to come here before your time, heaven could not be given to you. When you have passed through those necessary trials that God sees fit for you, then you will be prepared to enter upon those joys that await all those who have patiently followed the Lord in the regenerate life. I see that you desire to improve, and to discard all those impatient feelings which you have so often indulged; therefore be sure that you will not have to mourn over them in vain."

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"I have seen how happy I have made you all by all that has been written. Love and bless Him who has shewn you, dear J——, that you have some one that loves you here. Dear W—— sees that you love his memory. He sees that before I told you of his love for you, my dear child had always thought him a very high spirit, but that now I have been permitted to tell her, she will be sure to believe it is indeed true. I see how thankful you are to my Lord and Master for such and so precious a display of divine blessing."

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"I shall now tell you more about W——. I see that this opens your heart to him who loves you more than I can tell you. For he is your own W——, he is your conjugial partner—the one heaven has intended for you from all eternity. I see that you are now thankful that you never formed any connexion in the world."

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"I will now tell you what will give you great confidence. W—— himself will write through you in his own hand."

"I see that I have given you great happiness. I have no more to say. When you begin again, W—— will write through you."

Then it was I took the hand her heart had given to me, and I wrote through the pen of nature all that my spirit had to say. I told her of my inward love. I told her of her faults—for she then had faults—I warned her of their consequences. They were not what you would call serious ones, but they were so to eyes unaccustomed to the world of nature. She dwelt in the sphere of earth, so she thought it right to do as others did, and to say that which others said. She did not ask her God if it were right; but she thought it must be so in the world of nature, though she knew it could not be so in the world of spirit. Now, beloved, this is an error that very many of you fall into. You think you cannot be so truth-

ful as you would like to be, because you are in an untruthful sphere; so you help to make the world more and more untruthful and insincere. You think, and sometimes say, that it is a pity it should be so; but you do nothing to prevent the continuance of the evil. Doubtless, it has never occurred to you how to repair this breach in the world's bridge of life; but I will tell you, as I told her, when she wept over some fall she had made in her passage over this bridge of life; for such is truth: it is akin to purity of thought in holy things, it is purity of action. It is essential to all holiness—all spirituality; it leads to life eternal. It is the very essential life of all good spirits and angels. How can they approach you if you are untruthful. If you live in the habitual practice of conformity to an untruthful world, how are they to penetrate the clouds you have yourself caused to ascend from the foul atmosphere of earth? Let it be far from you, my dear friends, to pander to the low and selfish propensities of your fellow men. Leave them the swine's food, but seek you the bread of heaven.

It is without the slightest regard to either praise or blame, that I write through my medium: I do so without considering *her* feelings, opinions, or prejudices. Now some of you may feel inclined to say, "What right has this spirit to blame us? for we do not think there is any harm in what he prohibits as not condu-

cive to a high spiritual development." But I am not to be deterred from giving you a warning in your spiritual ear, that such things as I shall proceed to mention, will not tend to prepare you for a heavenly state, where all is purity, peace, and angelic love. For if you do not begin to practice those sacred feelings while you are in a natural state of existence, you will find it very difficult, if not impossible, to do so when you come into a spiritual sphere; for the natural life is the basis and foundation of the spiritual. Therefore be careful to prepare a sure foundation whereon to build the house which will remain for ever, eternal in the heavens.

You do not like to have your faults and failings noticed. You strive to conceal them from one another, but you forget that they are ever exposed to the searching eye of God and His angels, who often cannot approach you on account of the repellant sphere occasioned by the daily nurturing of evil and bad habits, of harsh and untrue states of mind, of hard thoughts concerning your fellow mortals, of unjust judgments regarding those in whose society you may be.

How often do you encourage a feeling of hatred, instead of one of love and pity, for those who you think are evil. Always hate the evil and false principle you observe in others, but do not hate the subject of it. What could become of you if God were to hate and punish you for your faults, instead of

loving you and desiring to cure you of them? He looks with an eye of love and extreme pity on all. Do you wish to imitate Him? Then feel for your fellow mortals. Do not love to blame them, but pity them with all your heart. Pity the murderer more than his innocent victim; pity the man of the world, who has his portion in his present life, and looks for nothing beyond; pity the usurer, who gets rich in your world, and makes himself poor in the world to come; pity all who suffer: but, most of all, let your compassionate feelings be bestowed upon the evil, the cruel, the rejected of your race. They are the most fitting objects for your pity to be expended on. Pity the corrupt monarch on his throne, much more than the poor desolate one that has no home on earth: he shall be comforted hereafter; but the man of sin must go to his like in hell, "there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

Be truthful in your speech, in your manner, in your outward appearance. It is often difficult to decide how far deception is allowable on the ground of charity and kindness. Now there is no charity in dissimulation, be it practised for any motive whatever. It is an unclean thing, and can never become clean; it is an evil beast, that will devour the green herb of your soul: therefore put it far from you, if ye would grow in the garden of the Lord, where no unhallowed feeling can exist.

So it was, that when I entered into her mind with my open sphere of love, I brought up all these secret faults to her view; for she knew not that they were faults before—she saw them only as desires to please those with whom she was associated. By that, I do not mean that she indulged in the harsher feelings I have mentioned above; but that she was not so truthful in all the daily concerns of her life in the world, as I wished her to be.

It was long ere I could direct her mind aright, for she wished to have some outward proof that I was really hers, that it was true that I had loved her. She had never thought that I had done so, for I had not on earth: therefore she could not well understand how it was that I could do so now. But a spiritual affection cannot be proved by natural means. She was seeking for that which was not ordered by God, —for that which was contrary to His divine will. I never did love her in the world, yet she wished it to be proved that I did; so a statement came as a confirmation of her own desire for that which was not true. It is a universal law of spirit intercourse, that if a proof is desired from any low or selfish motive, a seeming proof will be given, but which, when tested, will be found to be a false one. But you, my readers, will say, "How can a good and truthful spirit ever say that which is untrue and delusive?" Even because he cannot help it, for his mind is *en*

rapport with that of the medium, and he does not know, for the time being, but that he is saying that which is quite true. This will shew you that if you do not put away your own desires, we spirits cannot act with any degree of purity or truthfulness through you. It is as clear water coming into an impure vessel; it is inevitably sullied.

I shall again quote from the communications of her angel mother; for if she had observed the caution contained in them, she would not have fallen into the error we are now considering.

"Heaven is not always in the hearts of those who wish to be guided by its laws. Heaven is sometimes shut out by the warring passions of mankind. The angels strive to break through the clouds, but it is not for them to tell what the Lord alone knows; therefore when you desire that angels should be with you, try to put aside your own wishes."

If we did not see within our own minds, that all we have and all we are is evil and false, and that we must sink into all kinds of profane and unholy snares, if we look not every moment,—yes, every moment, of our lives to God, who alone can protect us from them, we might become liable to think we were in ourselves perfect and good, and needed not that any should help us. Even as the little innocent child leaves its mother's, or its nurse's arms, and knows not till it falls, what need it has of her watchful care;

so then it cries out to her, and looks up for her arm and her tender gaze, to comfort as well as to raise it from the ground. Even so is it with man. O my beloved! you fell and hurt yourself, and when you cried to me, I could not help you, for I too had need of the arm and the tender gaze of our heavenly Parent. But when you looked to Him alone, He raised you, and sent me to help and comfort you.

Every living creature is in the true order of its creation, man only is out of that order. It is from his own self-will that that disorder has arisen. O that all would see and feel how easy it is, and yet how high a state, to be in the true order of creation! It is only to allow ourselves to be led of God into all that is holy, pure, and good,—this is to be in the true order of creation. It is His blessed will to lead all into the paths of peace—to bring all unto Himself. But man is not willing so to be led; man is a free agent, and all his thought is to govern himself.

I have been permitted thus to come and write through one who has opened her whole soul to God; who is only desirous to do so more and more. It is her prayer at night, her early thought when she again opens her eyes to the light of her world. Her soul is now in a state of order; she is not anxious for the future, for she well knows that all is provided for. She is thinking how every incident that has passed, has led her to this happy state. But it was not

always so to her. She has had bitter thoughts,—dreadings of the future,—longings, O such longings, to taste of death, and, as she thought, to come here; but she knew that could not be till the right time came, for she was blest with a knowledge of the truth. Yet why did it not satisfy her soul? Why did she not rest in it, and live as others do, happy and content? She is quite willing to bear her share of blame, as she calls it, for these bitter feelings, but she remembers that they commenced in childhood. They have always been very mysterious to her,—she could not account for them.

I have seen all this, but she is wondering how I could have done so, when all the time I was living in the world, a youth and young man, with my own joys and sorrows. Now I shall tell her, and all to whom I am addressing these papers, that it has all been shewn to me. I know her life as it is written in her book of life. It is there recorded. Not a tear has dropped, not a sigh was breathed, that left not a sign, an indelible mark, on the pages of that book. It is the spiritual record that is meant. I have seen all that I have here described, as I should have seen it in a book; and I have, as it were, turned over the pages of that book, and there it has been shewn to me.

O yes, dear! this is a new idea to you; but you will find so many new ideas crowding upon you as

you proceed, that you will no longer be surprised at anything. All will tend to shew you how truly wonderful are the ways of God. "His wisdom is unsearchable and His ways are past finding out." I shall not be able to explain every thing connected with these hidden ways, whereby our holy and heavenly Protector provides for our various necessities, and leads all who are willing to be so led, into His divine plan for the desirable state of entire dependence upon Him.

She has been led by a path that is not much frequented, therefore I have put aside its briars and thorns, to shew you how it has led to where she now stands. But her bosom is heaving at the thought of having its secrets laid bare for every eye to gaze on. But she will not shrink from doing God's holy will, in order to promote His divine purpose of blessing all who will come to the light and open their eyes, and see what good things He has prepared for those that love Him.

O my own! I am not so much disturbed at your thoughts as you fear I may be. I am writing for a holy purpose, and it is only necessary for you to put yourself in the hand of God and fear not, and all I do will greatly delight you, and, under His providence, be the means of blessing many. I see that I am already greatly delighting you, for you feel very happy in what I am doing; and it is so very unex-

pected to you, for I have always told you that I would not write for others, but for you alone.

I do not use my medium as a machine, but as a co-partner with me in the production of this work, inasmuch as she must open her mind for me to enter. Yes, dear, you say, you only want to know exactly what part God desires you to take in it, that you may do it.

Now I will not have any shrinking from that which I am going to propose for us. I shall see if you can so open your mind to me, as to be able to give up all attempt to control any of the expressions or phrases I may find it necessary to use. I will not have any fear that they will not be quite understood, for I desire to be understood by those only who are in a state to be benefitted by what they understand. Therefore I will have you follow me into that which will sometimes appear to you to be too secret for other eyes than ours. But I have told you this must be, if all the good is to be done that God intends by this work. I will not hesitate to shew you that I will lay our secrets bare for the eye of any who may derive benefit from their pure and holy nature being revealed.

Oh, I see how you are endeavouring to raise your thoughts to God, that He may shew you if it is really right to be done as I say. O no, dear! I will not tell you, but it will be shewn to you as you proceed;

only you will be very careful not to put up any hindrance to the carrying out of God's holy purpose. "Oh!" she says, "God forbid that I should do that." No, dear, you will not do it; so I shall proceed with much confidence.

It is not for the eye of any profane or sensual passer by that these pages are written. It is to the pure in heart, and all who desire to be so, that I am now addressing myself. Those who choose to sneer, or cast an unwholesome breath on what is essentially pure, chaste, and very holy in its nature, may do so to their own shame, and their certain discomfiture hereafter; for to such it will be as the stone that will grind to powder, but as a stone of holy truth to those who can look upon it in its own divine purity.

She who writes these lines is my wife more than may be thought possible by those who have not had a similar state opened in themselves. She is not so as to her *natural body*, but she is so as to her *spiritual body*, as well as to her *spiritual mind*. For "there is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body." The one is within the other as a kernel within a shell.

But this state can come to the outward perception of those only who are open to spirit-intercourse. No others can perceive, during their life in the world of nature, that which belongs to the spirit alone. This state constitutes mediumship; for she who is mine is not only a writing medium, but she is also suscep-

tible of very palpable impressions of my presence with her. WE ARE ONE; and she has received the assurance of that truth by *other* means than the merely being told so in these writings; although she fully believed it to be as she was informed by the communications she received from her dear departed mother, ere I was myself allowed to write through her, or to manifest my presence in any way to her outward senses. Oh! she places her soul in the hands of her God, when she has to record that holy union of the spiritual body as well as soul, which has been vouchsafed to her with me. Therefore respect her sacred feelings, and with holy awe look upon this page. It is a startling fact that is here stated, but do not deny its possibility. Remember that all things are possible with God. "Fear not, only believe." She is my spiritual wife, but not my natural wife; for I am removed far above a natural sphere. It is only as she can elevate her soul above nature, that I can become conjoined to her *spiritually*, though not naturally.

It is a very sacred thing that has been revealed to her; and when she reflects upon it, the magnitude of it is overpowering. But she has been well nurtured in the pure conjugial principle. She knows how sacred a feeling it is; and although she is just the same to all outward seeming, her soul is ever lifted up on high, with praise, thanksgiving, and watching,

lest any low or earthly thought should mingle with her soul's delight in the love she feels I have for her. Never do I approach her but she puts up her soul's petition for strength,—for true and pure feelings, to the God who has opened her soul to receive me. Fervent are her devotions; she puts up her prayer with inward joy of heart, and when she thinks how she is blest, the tear comes,—the tear of too much happiness—of an overflowing cup—the drop that runs over when the cup is filled to the brim.

It may be that you have never heard of spirit-union in this way, and you have thought that the marriage tie belonged to the natural world only. But herein is a great mistake; for in the world of spirit, there is no union of soul that is not outwardly expressed as in the world of nature. All that is holy and pure is of the spirit: and if the marriage union is holy and pure, it must proceed from God.

O ye who have wives that are very dear to ye! pause ere ye gaze with an unhallowed eye upon this page. Ye who know what it is to have a young and innocent bride, ye will know right well what it is to be a husband. Ye, if ye are open to the pure streams of holy light from heaven, will know that it is a very precious charge ye have to keep. And ye who have tasted of these joys in all their heavenly purity, but who now walk the earth alone, whose sorrows have been outwardly expressed by the dark mourning

band—fitting emblem of the band of gloom that encircled your spirit within—think ye, O ye sorrowful ones! that she who so loved ye, and whose spirit seemed so entwined with your own, loves ye no more? Is His mercy who gave her that power to love, clean gone for ever? Is there no inward voice, no mental dictate, no silent impression that it is not so? In the silence of the outward passions, is there no still small voice saying, "I live—I am not dead—I am in heaven, but I love thee still—I watch over thee—I will never leave thee—my spirit is with thy spirit—bear this seeming separation for a while, it may be but a little while, and we shall again be united here, where there is no death, no crying, no mourning band; for death is swallowed up in victory?" Be ye not, therefore, hard to believe; for the spiritual marriage union is a great truth, as ye will, one and all, find it to be when ye enter the gate of heaven.

But all may not desire to be thus re-united. They may not have been mentally suited—the interior principles of their minds may not have been cast in the same mould. In this case, when the merely natural link which had joined them together for a time, is severed by death, they do not desire to be re-united in the heavenly marriage. Though there may be a kindly and tender feeling of friendship for the lost one, yet will it not be an abiding sorrow of heart, such as he who has lost the true partner of his bosom

will experience. For such a one will feel that none can, or ought to, supply her place. O ye who feel this need of a soul's partner! who long and earnestly desire to meet with such a one, ye are in the true order of God's creation; for it is not good for man to dwell alone. Bless ye Him who has given you this holy desire, this inward longing. It is the cup ye are holding up to God; it will be filled to the brim: but it will be in His own good time. Be not impatient, lest the *self-will* to be in God's order lead ye into the path of all disorder. Therefore love your trial, for it will bless ye in eternity.

It is by a just discrimination of the female character that ye will ensure to yourselves much happiness in the married state, and thus enter upon joys truly heavenly, even before ye are called upon to enter the portals above. I know that it is often very difficult to tell whether a woman is suited to you or not, and and it may be discovered, when too late, that a mistake has been made, and that, although she is good and virtuous, still she is not mentally suited to you. In such a case, bear with the uncongeniality ye observe in her: tend her delicately through life, but do not cherish the idea of an eternal union of soul with her. She may be the mother of your children, and is therefore entitled to all tenderness and respect. But if she be found unworthy of your regard, then will ye have a severe trial; but ye must bear it with

becoming patience, and know that it has been permitted for some wise and hidden purpose, and let it console ye that it will not be an eternal union, for it will be dissolved at the death of the body.

I have said that I loved not on earth. I preferred a lonely state during my natural life, rather than to have a home with an uncongenial partner. I once hoped to have had one, but the holy conjugial feeling was not called forth till I came here: then was it shewn me that I had one on earth who was mine, but whom I had not known, as such, while I too walked that earth. I cannot reveal all the secrets of spirit-life; so be content to hear that I saw a heart well prepared to love me truly, with an abiding and encreasing love of a true conjugial nature. Then did my grateful praises rise to Him who had spared my lonely heart from the sorrows consequent upon an uncongenial union.

"But," you may say, "how is it possible for an angel in heaven to love a mortal woman on earth, whom he did not love when he was a man on that earth himself? Such a thing cannot be, for if it could, we should most certainly have been told so in Scripture." But our Lord had very much more to tell you that you could not then have borne to hear. Some time ago, my own beloved could not have borne to hear what has now been revealed to her. It would not have blessed her then as it now does. And be-

sides, in past days, it might not have been possible for any angel or spirit to come and declare himself to be the conjugial partner of a woman still in the world.

It is not merely to shew you that great marvels may take place in the world of nature, during your advancement in the regenerate life, that I am sent, but to point out the true way to be happy in that world towards which you are day by day progressing; and also to shew that it is very possible for you to have a foretaste of those heavenly joys, even while you are journeying towards that land of promise. But some of you may sigh and say, "Ah no! there is no rest for me on this side the grave." No, there may be none. But do not weep; those that will dry your tears are very close at hand. There are angel watchers; every human being has them closer to him or her than any natural friend can be: they wait on you, they wait to raise the veil that covers the glories of the celestial spheres. Prepare to go with them when that veil is raised, for it falls not again; and if ye be not ready, where will ye find yourselves? But fear not: look to Christ, pray to Him, ask Him to give you good and holy desires and feelings, and to enable you to act according to them. Christ is the "Rock of Ages," look to Him alone. Then will you feel so sure that He will give you strength to pass through every trial; for He who feedeth the ravens is able to feed you, He who gave the heavenly

manna is also able to give you food from heaven. He who gives you, day by day, the bread that nourishes your body, can and will give you also that bread which nourishes your immortal soul.

Do not ever think that any spirit or angel can help or even comfort you in states of trial. Go to God for your bread of life, and for the water of refreshment. He can sustain you under every sorrow, temporal or spiritual. He commissions us to ward off the evil, but we cannot do it of ourselves. He may direct us to be with you, and to counsel you to look up to Himself for help, for consolation and strength; but to look to us for it instead of God, would be to depend on the broken reed instead of the great staff of life.

I am one who will lead you into the fold of Christ. When you look unto Him, He will send His angel messengers to meet you, and they will shew you the way to come to Him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life. They are in His fold, so they can shew and lead you in the right path; they will delight to tell you how pleasant a state it is, how sweet are the flowers that grow in the garden of the Lord, how bright is the Sun that shines there, how joyous the greeting ye will receive when ye enter the gate of Paradise.

I have of myself no power to work upon my medium. I can only affect her mind in proportion

as her inmost desire is given to God, that she may be endowed by Him with ever-encreasing power to look up to Him, and to be in all things, even the most ordinary, guided and governed by Him alone. She is mine only as God gives her to me. I have no power to control her affection, she gives it to me but as God supplies it to her. He gives her the power to love me, and He gives me the power to love her. My spirit is very ardent; it loves with an encreasing ardor of spiritual affection, and it meets with a heart so devoted to me, that her prayer at night seldom ends without, "O Lord! unite our hearts together in one, make us one life in thy sight; but thy will be done." She is just thinking that no earthly language can express her feeling for me. I am a part of her life, only it is a part that she may love without loving herself. I am therefore much beloved.

I will not have any shrinking from speaking of herself, for she is begging me not to do so. Where others are concerned, it is only a species of selfishness to desire to withhold any mention of oneself that may benefit them, or add to their measure of confidence in the wonderful works of His providence. She must necessarily sometimes speak of herself. I am not aware that she has hitherto shrunk from it, because she is always anxious that all who are able to receive it, may know how much blessing she has received from these holy communications. I have not

been so secret as she supposed was necessary: for she fears that none but herself could altogether comprehend the delicate nature of our union. It is only to be breathed in the air of heaven; it is holy and pure; it is the voice of God speaking in our souls. All who are truly conjugial will experience its holy joys, for they are nourished here: they are the golden rays of our sun; they permeate all our fibres; they are the source of all our other joys; they spring from the one Fount of our lives; they are the halo that your painters love to place on our brows.

I see that I am warm on this subject. I am not like a man on earth, who only knows that his wife loves him because he sees it in her eyes, in her manner, in her voice, in the words of love she greets him with; but I see it in my wife in her soul, in her supreme love, in her love of God, who is ever foremost in all her thoughts, in all her actions. She dare not stop, though she fears I am going to speak of her too much. She says, "Tell how God has done it all for us." Yes, so I will. It is His work; it is His power in us. But He does not love us more than others. He loves all alike. He loves even,—yes, not *even*,—for He loves the poor beggar in your streets. He is leading him even as He is leading us. He is leading all, but it is by different ways.

I did not love her in the world, but we are spiritu-

ally united; we love each other because God has joined us together; and He has done so without our knowledge, or our having anything to do with it. This connexion can only exist between conjugial pairs, for they are joined in spirit from the beginning. All are born thus united, but all do not meet in the world of nature. Her spirit has been opened to receive me spiritually, during her sojourn in the preparatory state of existence. Such a case is rare, and is not thought possible to be. But it will become much more frequent as mortals are able to receive it, even as it has been revealed to her; and as it blesses her, so will it bless others. All who can receive the knowledge of such a state being possible, are delighted and refreshed by it. Oh! have great patience and faith, all ye who love the Lord, for there are many good and holy things in store for ye all, when ye are able and willing to receive them. If I have told you anything that comforts you, bless Him who has enabled me to do so. I am but an instrument in the hand of the Lord; it is by His power only, and so far as I can receive it within my own soul, that I am able to communicate my ideas to her. She is the natural, and I am the spiritual medium for bringing down to earth the good things of heaven. It is therefore due to God, that when any of my readers are in any way pleased or instructed by that which they may meet with in this book, that they do immedi-

ately raise their grateful thanks to Him who is alone able to delight their spiritual minds.

I have no power to cause you to receive these communications as angelic or heavenly revealings. I have not made her believe that which I have told her, for she has often doubted and questioned my statements; not that she thought it possible that I was deceiving,—or not telling her the truth; but she has frequently questioned within herself whether there might not be some disorderly feeling existing within her own breast, that might sully the stream of truth that I pour into her mind, and cause it to become polluted with the soil of earth.

This is the way in which she has received all my statements of spiritual facts. They have been carried to the sanctuary of God, to be weighed in His unerring scale; and then has she obtained the assurance she needed, before admitting them into her heart and mind.

Beloved of earth, let me entreat you to go and do likewise. Weigh all I have said in the balance of the sanctuary. Do not measure it by your own preexisting opinion, by your science and your worldly wisdom; for by that rule, the hidden things of heaven, and the wisdom of spiritual beings, will appear as foolishness.

The light of the world is as thick darkness compared with the light by which the eye of the spirit

is illumined. I know the world, and I know the spirit that is in it, and the spirit that is above it, for I am one who have access into the world of nature through my own; and I can traverse the sphere of spirit, into which her perceptions cannot yet reach, because she is clothed with that which I have laid aside.

These are startling statements to bring before a sceptical world; but what is that to me? I make them because they are true, and because I am sent and instructed so to make them. It will not hurt me if you cannot believe them; neither will it hurt her who knows that they are true, and who lives in my hourly presence: for she knows that I am hers and that she is mine, as well as if I were to come and stand before her bodily eyes, and tell her so. But if you can receive this truth that has been so long kept from you, then will it bless both her and me. She only desires it on your account, not on her own; for her heart is set on things above, and the noise and tumult of earth does not affect her spirit. In her soul's sanctuary she has prayed to be supported through every outward trial and combat of truth against falsity and error.

Beloved, I do not claim any thing like inspiration for these writings; but they are given in a miraculous way; that is, it is unusual. They are not given in the manner of any earthly production: for my me-

dium puts her pen on the paper for her morning's employment of writing for me, and she knows not what the first word will be, much less the subject she is about to write on. She prepares the quantity of natural element that will, she well knows, be filled with closely-written words, of which she has no more previous idea than any of you could have, before reading them in this book. It must, therefore, be called miraculous or supernatural; that is, it is not natural for any one to write in the way in which I have said this book is written; for the pen of the medium goes straight on, without stopping to give her time to consider one word before it is on the paper. She can, and does, use her own judgment afterwards, to consider whether such and such portions of her written papers will be desirable to be published or not, and she omits those she may see are only intended for herself, or are not expressed in a manner suitable to the general reader. She is, at the time of writing, in close and open communion with me, and I tell her, in her spirit-ear, all that I wish her to say.

The spiritual sight may be opened, as well as the hearing; and I may be permitted to shew my medium the sights of heaven. That can only be done by opening her spirit-eye, for it is closed at present; but when the Lord pleases He can commission me to open it, and then she can be shewn whatever it is

desirable, in His good providence, that she should see as well as hear. Between the state of seeing and that of hearing there is much difference, inasmuch as the one is more spiritual than the other. For the words which she hears are the natural words of your human language. Now when I speak to her in her spirit-ear, I do not give utterance to any *words*, but I have the idea before me, and I look into her mind, and there behold the natural elements with which it will be necessary to clothe it, in order to make it reach your natural powers of conception. Thus the words are mine as well as the idea; for she does not receive the idea till I have myself thus clothed it. But when I speak to my angelic associates, I do not use any human language; for they are spiritual, and therefore they understand and answer me in the same way, by an immediate flow of ideas; which is perceived as an harmonious flow of sound merely,—not in the words of any language whatever.

Hence you will perceive how it was that when the Holy Spirit descended upon the apostles of old, all present heard them speak in their own particular tongue:—"And they were all amazed, and marvelled, saying one to another, Behold, are not all these which speak Galileans? and how hear we every man in his own tongue, wherein we were born?" Then, after naming the various countries whose inhabitants were present, it is said, "And they were all amazed,

and were in doubt, saying one to another, What meaneth this? Others mocking, said, These men are full of new wine. But Peter, standing up with the eleven, lifted up his voice and said unto them, Ye men of Judea, and all ye that dwell at Jerusalem, be this known unto you, and hearken to my words; for these men are not drunken, as ye suppose, seeing it is but the third hour of the day. But this is that which was spoken by the prophet Joel: And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams: and on my servants and on my handmaidens I will pour out, in those days, of my spirit, and they shall prophesy: and I will shew wonders in heaven above, and signs in the earth beneath; blood, and fire, and vapour of smoke: the sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, before that great and notable day of the Lord come. And it shall come to pass that whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."

I have given all this portion of Scripture because it bears so evidently upon the subject we are considering, and will, perhaps, enable you to see how it is to be reconciled with Holy Writ; by which, as I have said elsewhere, the truth of all statements is to be tested; for if they do not agree with that Book of

Life, they cannot possibly be true, but must be as a false Christ that would but lead you into some secret chamber of error and delusion.

The apostles were in a spiritual state at the time of delivering the address which was uttered by them, in the words of their own natural language; but, on reaching the organs of hearing of the men present, it fell into their language, whatever that might be, for all the various nations heard Peter speaking in their own particular tongue. This is the miracle, as recorded in the Bible history. This was the effect of the descent of the Holy Spirit upon them.

But when I speak to my own, the utterance of the ideas I pour into her passive mind, would not have any miraculous effect on others, because she is not inspired by the Holy Spirit, as the apostles were, at the time of speaking, but is only open to *my* spirit.

But the eye being a more spiritual organ than the ear, it can be opened to behold the scenery of heaven just as the angels do; and then natural language can be made use of to convey as clear an idea as possible of that which has been spiritually seen.

My own medium does not know how it is with me at the time I am dictating my thoughts to her, for she never sees me, but only hears, as it were, a tacit voice within her mind pronouncing, with perfect distinctness, all the words she immediately writes down, as rapidly as her powers of caligraphy will admit of

her doing. It may be that a certain word is changed after she has correctly written it from the inward dictate. I tell her to change it by an impression in her mind, in the same way as the first word was given.

To shew you how perfectly independent I am of her mind or her desires, I will here inform you that I, on one occasion, suddenly and unexpectedly, changed the subject of my dictation, and caused her to hear the words of a little poem, the subject of which was unknown to her, as the circumstance to which it alludes had not then taken place. It relates to the removal of a child into eternity, which was not at all expected, when she was made to write the lines which will be found in a subsequent page of this book. It is not usual for me to know anything regarding forthcoming events; but it can be given me so to do, if it is desirable, for a particular purpose, as it was in this instance. Thus it is that I act upon her; for she does not write by *hand-guiding*, as some mediums do, and as she did at the commencement of her mediumship. That is usually a preparatory stage only, in the opening of spirit-intercourse, for bringing the thoughts of angels and spirits down to the level of your sphere. But as the mind becomes accustomed to receive spiritual communications, the hand-guiding ceases, and it is perceived by the medium, that an interior mental process has commenced.

All the ideas I transmit to the medium are given to me in the same unusual way that they come to her perception; for I am the spiritual as she is the natural medium; and whatever is holy and true must proceed from God,—it flows forth from Him as a stream of living water, into the minds that are prepared to receive it, with ever-springing freshness and life-giving power.

But you may say, "How are we to believe that the merely personal history narrated in this book could have been given in the way just described?" No, beloved, it was not so; but it is given me to look into her mind, and, as I said before, there to read her book of life. I can then relate to you such portions of it as are essential to your comprehension of the spiritual states that are herein described.

I am to be influenced by one consideration only,—that it is the will of God that I should so dictate my thoughts, which I receive from Him. He only knows what will be the effect of the act I thus perform. I do not,—and, it may be, I never shall know,—I do not wish to know anything that He conceals from me. I work for God alone, and for man only as he can receive what I am the instrument for bringing down to him.

I see that many will be benefitted and strengthened in their faith in holy and unseen realities, by the perusal of these pages, because I have already seen

that blessed effect produced in those who have read, or heard them read in MS. So I am rejoiced in spirit to see and think that this will be the effect of their being made as public as possible. This is the great end of my existence,—this is the great end of all the powers of heaven,—to bless, to protect from evil and false persuasion, all who will be led to God, —to Christ their Saviour. This is the only source of all the beauty, glory, and happiness of heaven. Every spirit who desires to become an inhabitant of heaven, must put down his self-hood, and labor, or desire to labor, for the good of others, his only reward being the sight of their blessing and eternal happiness in their Father's kingdom.

Thus it is that I am working at the present moment. I pour my spiritual thoughts and perceptions of truth into the passive mind of my medium. She has been chosen for this work because she is a fitting instrument. Her habits of life, her leisure both of mind and body, render her capable of performing the part which devolves upon her in a suitable and orderly manner. She does not ever neglect any earthly duty for the sake of this her spiritual employment. Her mind is just as active in all the concerns and relations of the external sphere in which she at present resides. The cares of life, with all its outward requirements, are just as assiduously attended to by her, as though she had no such sacred commission to

execute; for she believes that it is a high and holy commission that she is called upon to fulfil, as the natural instrument for bringing into outward form, high and heavenly themes proceeding from an angel in heaven—one with whom she is already interiorly connected, and with whom she will be associated in eternity.

I left your earth in middle life. I was not very young, but not advanced in years. But natural age has nothing whatever to do with spiritual age. I had, when I left your world, passed through all the trials that it was necessary for me to pass through in a natural sphere; therefore I was removed from it into a spiritual sphere, but not to the one which I now inhabit. I went into the world of spirits; that is, into the general sphere of spirit-life, where all spirits assemble immediately after their release from the natural body. There I found myself surrounded by associates of like tastes and habits with myself, and I did not know that anything particular had occurred; for I did not remember anything about the scene I had just left. My last illness, and the circumstances attendant upon it, were wholly obliterated from my memory; and so I talked and laughed with my companions, and read and studied as I had been used to do in your world.

But at last there came a change over me. I began to reflect that what I now saw, I had never seen

before, and that I seemed to have new and more vigorous faculties and powers of thought and conception than I had ever been conscious of before. New ideas seemed crowding in upon me. I read my Bible; but now I could trace the spiritual and hidden meaning in every line, and that without any effort, or even the conscious desire to do so. Then I found that I had an attendant who was ever ready to explain, in lucid language, all that needed explanation; and when I looked at him, his face seemed to shine forth all that he uttered. I became very much attached to this new friend, for so I thought him; not knowing that he was none other than my own particular guardian angel, who had secretly attended all my wanderings on earth.

So at last it came to pass that he told me I was now a spirit, that I had left the earth-sphere, never again to return to it, and that I must now think only of preparing myself for heaven; for, as I had loved goodness and truth on earth, I should not find it difficult to enter therein, when I had passed through all that would yet be necessary to prepare my soul for that abode of the blessed.

It was then, for the first time since my departure from earth, that a sadness fell upon me. I had discovered that I was a spirit, and yet I was not in heaven, but had still trials to pass through before I could get there. So I began to consider what would

be the nature of the trials which I perceived were implied in the words and demeanour of my angelic guide. He, perceiving my depression, raised his eyes to heaven, and, with a smile of joy, said that *there* was the rest for the weary. I read on and studied, much as I had done in the natural body; but at last I found that I had feelings and propensities that did not seem to accord with a spiritual state of existence, and therefore I thought, how could I ever be fit to enter heaven. At this idea I was much distressed, and thought to mourn over it in secret. But I was told by an angel guide that that would be of no avail; I must pray earnestly to the Lord for help and strength to overcome all that was loathsome within me.

O how I cried out to Him at all times! I prayed, and ceased not; for He sustained me. I essayed to mix once more in the society of the angelic beings around me; but again the same evil thing came up, and turned my dancing into mourning. I loved purity, I desired to be made pure; I was willing to be *tortured* to be made clean. Then it was that a holy calm fell on my sorely-troubled spirit. I felt the warmth of angel love. I saw that there was hope. I clung to it as a drowning man to a reed; but the reed I had got hold of was the great staff of life: it supported me though many succeeding trials; for I had others, though less severe to pass through.

Similar trials are experienced by many who leave the natural world in the habitual exercise of low and selfish tastes, which may not usually be considered injurious, but are, nevertheless, of a merely worldly nature. Such are the inordinate indulgence of the bodily appetite, the love of luxury in all its various forms, the indulgence of external pleasure to an excessive degree, and also many other things which pertain to the world, and to the delight of the bodily senses alone.

The pleasures of life are very desirable to be enjoyed in their proper place and degree; but when carried to excess, they are equally injurious to both mind and body. So that, if you would save yourselves the necessity of having to pass through trials after the death of the body, endeavor to cultivate more heavenly tastes than some, alas! do in the world of nature; for you would, even now, be shocked to think that you could desire to have in heaven that which is so essential to your enjoyment on earth. And yet, as I have shewn, when you enter the world to come, you will not at first know that anything unusual has occurred to you; for you will have no recollection of the scene you have left. The door will be closed, and the door of the spirit-life will be opened. Then will you seek for the indulgence of the same low and sensual tastes and habits you have so much enjoyed on earth. But where will they lead

you? To the society of the blessed, or to those whose only enjoyment consists in the exercise of propensities from which an angel will avert his spiritual senses?

When I was a man on earth, I loved holy truth and virtue; but I had many faults and bad habits, for I knew not then that they were such. I shall not here specify the exact nature of them, but they were not to be got rid of without pain; therefore I am anxious (and, by the unspeakable mercy of God, I am now permitted) to come and thus warn others not to indulge in many things that may appear to them to be very harmless and allowable, but which are not calculated to prepare them for the society of angels.

O my beloved! put away childish things. Think what ye are,—for what end ye have been created, and for what land ye are bound. Time is fast speeding away: the hour is approaching when you will say, "Shut the door of the world, and draw the curtain before the window that lets in the light of the natural sun." Then will all the vain shew of the world appear in its true light, and what looked so gay and pleasant will be seen to be full of tinsel, and to be decked out, with tawdry colors that will cause you to close your eyes with a feeling of inward disgust and loathing.

I see that my medium desires that I may be allowed to say something concerning animals in heaven, and in the spiritual spheres generally; but she puts up her prayer that it may not be so, if that desire springs only from her own natural feelings. Now I shall not tell her from what feeling her thought arises, but she will see into what path I shall lead her.

As the nature of spiritual animals is a subject that would involve a great deal of the peculiar philosophy of heaven, which in many respects is quite different to the received theories of the world, to enter fully into it would only give rise to profound disquisitions, which would not be so profitable as many other heavenly themes, whereon it is more in accordance with divine order for us to descant.

I am, however, thus far permitted to describe the nature of the spiritual animal creation. Do not ever suppose that the soul of any animal whatever is immortal. The life that animates the body of an animal is not spiritual, and being merely natural, it must therefore perish with the natural body. The natural body of man does not rise again from the tomb, it perishes there; but man has a spiritual soul that can never die; that is, it must exist for ever. This spiritual part of man is clothed with a suitable spiritual covering, which is called a spiritual body. The spiritual soul has a natural soul attached to it, otherwise it could not subsist in a spiritual and na-

tural sphere at the same time. The spiritual soul has a spiritual covering, and the natural soul has a natural covering. The animal has only a natural soul, and consequently only a natural body. When a man dies, or leaves the world of nature to enter the world of spirit, he lays down his natural soul with his natural body, never again to resume either the one or the other. The animal does the same; but having no spiritual soul, he has no spiritual body, because there is nothing for *that* body to cover. So the man goes into a spiritual sphere in his spiritual body, and the animal returns into the sphere of the world, to be reproduced in some other form of natural life. Not so with man; for if the spiritual degree of life is not opened in him in the world of nature, it may be opened in the world of spirit.

Now, unless the Lord had mercifully provided means for the better enlightenment *hereafter* of many of His low and debased human creatures, few of them could ever attain to the spiritual degree of life, any more than the animal creation; for their habits and customs are, in many respects, very little different, and they can only be compared to beasts of burden. But they are not like unto them spiritually, though they may be so naturally. Therefore it is that after the departure of the soul that has slept away its spiritual existence on the bed of nature, it rises into a sphere where there is a light that will

penetrate into every low and narrow alley of the mind; and the man of sloth perceives that a day has begun to dawn, such as he had never looked on before. A new creation has opened and developed to his mental perceptions, and his spirit-eye can discern that which was hid from it in the natural world.

O ye who slumber in darkness and in the shadow of death, then will the light of love shine on ye! But let us pause,—will it then shine on all,—will it penetrate into the soul of *every* living human being? Yea, it will, if they open the windows of the soul to receive it, but not if they keep them shut and barred by the force of evil. It may be that a man does not know how to open his soul's windows while on earth, yet when he is removed to a purer atmosphere, he is glad and rejoices to find they *can* be opened. So it is with him who only slumbers; but, alas, not so with him who is spiritually dead; he must go to the habitation of death: but as he is a man and not an animal, he lives a living death.

But I have promised to say how it is that we have animals,—spiritual animals. They are seen far and near in all the quarters of heaven, but they are always those of a peaceful and amiable nature, and they are very beautiful in appearance, very gentle in manner, and of a truly engaging character. They will all allow you to caress them, and will feed out of your hand; but the angels do not ever love them in

the way that many do in your world. When a message of love is to be conveyed from one society to another, it is usual to see a lamb, or sometimes a dove, or a horse with wings bearing that message, inscribed on a scroll, or something of that kind, in his mouth. This animal or bird is then in the delight of its life; that is, for the time, or during the continuance of that state in the angels: it is conscious of a feeling of pleasure, because it is in a state of order. It is a creation arising from the affection of the society which has sent the message of love of which it is the bearer; but when that sentiment reaches its completion,—that is, when it is received by the angelic society to which it was sent,—then the animal, being no longer needed, ceases to exist.

So, in our paradises and fields, we behold various animals in the full enjoyment of creation. They are quite as conscious of life and perception as those in the earth-sphere, but they only remain so as long as the angels around them are in the particular state of mind to which their presence and appearance corresponds. It may be that when I have mine own with me in this sphere, that our conversation, and the affection we may be exercising towards each other at one time, (as you would call it, but I call it *state*,) would be represented by a dove; then there will be doves seen, sitting on the branches of the trees among which we may be walking, and as we

pass they will coo and fly down to us. Now these doves will be quite real, they will not be mere phantoms,—they will see us, and will feel a love for us, and will therefore be attracted towards us. But if our state changes, then will other animals of a different kind become associated with us, and accompany us, as long as we continue to converse on that particular theme to which their nature corresponds. They delight us by their presence, because we know that they are spiritual creations, not only to please the outward senses, but to recreate and exhilarate the inward spirit.

My medium is, at the present moment, uncertain as to whether she is to be permitted to write for me or not; for she is of a very sensitive nature, and she is just now in the spiritual presence of an infant spirit, who has recently departed from the earth-life. She has just been to visit the remains of a little one of a humble class; for her soul is fond of the little ones of earth, and she used to smile on the little being now gone to her home above, as she sat in her path, when her footsteps wended their homeward way to her own happy abode. I see that she has just been trying to console the mother for her lost child, by representing the beauty and peace into which her babe has now entered.

My own is true to her woman's nature, and the sight of an infant form will fill her heart with love for them; and she burns with a desire to turn their tender minds to God, and the angel watchers she believes to be with them. She has just told the little brother of an angel sister, that she is not in the coffin beside which they stood, but that the body was only her abode on earth, for her spirit is now in heaven, where there are beautiful flowers, and where all is beautiful and happy,—and that when he is good, his angel sister will be with him, and she will be so pleased then. The child looked on her face, and said, "Yes;" but poor little one, he knows not how truly he answered her who sought to raise his little soul on high. She prays for the little ones left to wend their way through the winding paths of earth, —she prays that the sister angel may be as a watcher in the night, to guard their souls from harm, and to lead their steps aright,—to join her in her Father's home above. O my own! weep not; your love for the little ones of earth is not equal to the love of their Father in heaven. His eye is on them, and on all who need His care. It is Himself who gives you, and all who experience a like feeling,—that holy desire to raise and bless the ignorant with a knowledge of heavenly truth. She who nurtured you in your own infancy was much filled with that inward love for the helpless little ones of earth, and you have

sprung up in the soil of that blessed feeling. You can well imagine what a mother's feelings and aspirations must and ought to be. O ye who are mothers! love as *her* mother loved her offspring. Not on the bodies of your children be all your care,—your thoughts expended. Tend their bodies for the sake of the spirit within. Read the outpouring of a true mother's soul, in verse harmonious, which I have placed in this work, because it may speak to the heart of some thoughtless mother, and thus that loved one above may be delighted to see the tree she planted, bearing fruit she thought not of, when her hand laid its roots in earthly soil.

Beloved of earth, all is fair to look upon in your world, when the light of your natural orb shines upon its beauties. There is a peace which speaks in eloquent language to the heart that is open to the sweet voice of living nature. So is it with the sun of heaven; your mind's eye can behold it, for it comes to your perception as a sweet calm that falls upon the inward senses—a rest from sorrow—a confidence in the Protector of your souls—a joy of heart—a gleam of hope—a power to love—a sense of being loved. These feelings are all rays from the sun of heaven, permeating through the fibres of the soul, creating there a genial glow—a morning brightness—an evening splendor—a purity of feeling—a hallowed thought; it may be, in ye of earth, a tear—but a tear of joy—

one that, like the dewdrop on the green lawn, will but add a radiance to the beauty of this inward scene of holy, happy, angelic peace.

But let us not be content with the *contemplation* only of holy and divine themes. There is need of action. There are those of our fellow beings, our brethren in the flesh, who are slumbering in darkness, and even worse than its mere gloom is on them. They breathe a miasma—a pestilential atmosphere. They are inhaling the breath of destruction. "There is death in the pot, O man of God!" and if we are not ready to cast in the meal, they will perish; for they have gathered wild gourds instead of the grape of truth, which would have strengthened and nourished their souls. Beloved, it was God who told His servant the prophet to cast meal into the pot, and then to pour out and let them eat; therefore, if ye look up to Him, and ask Him, He will tell ye in your soul's ear, what ye should do to stay the pestilence that walketh at midnight, and the destruction that wasteth at noonday. He will shew ye where to find the meal that will cause the contents of the pot to be "very good," and to be found to contain life instead of death. I am one who desires to cast meal into your pot. But ye may say, It is very good, and there is no death in it. No, there may not be death in it, but the meal that I will put in, may make it more nourishing, more satisfying to

the spiritual mind than it was before. I write for those who love to hear what an angel has to say; for he comes as one from a distant land, to which ye are all bound, and it may be that he bears a message that is very sweet for ye to hear. For why else does he come? He has to descend to speak to ye in your earthly language—to communicate with ye in a tongue that is now foreign to his own; for he has long left the scene of his earthly sojourn, and has a home above. There he is surrounded by every heavenly delight; he has one on earth who loves him next to her Lord, who gives her that power to love him. He leaves communing with her to speak to ye—ye whom he has never known, and whom he never may know. Why, do ye ask, does he do so? Even because his heart is full of love for ye all; even because it will gladden his soul to enlighten, or benefit, or console, any one of ye, however humble. I see it will gladden her who writes, if the little peasant boy she has been talking to about his angel sister, can thereby have his childish thoughts raised to heaven. She would do much, and will still try to bless those little lowly ones with words of angel story. She thought to take a flower of earth to place on the bosom of the corpse when she went to see it; but she will endeavor to strew heavenly blooms on the little ones that now play alone, where the little being gone home used to sit and smile on her as she passed by.

I perceive that at various times during this writing, she has been conscious of an air or breath on the hand she rests on the paper. It began immediately after her return from the visit to the earthly remains of the child above alluded to, and she therefore supposes it is occasioned by the proximity of her spirit; particularly as I have said that infant spirit is very near. But it is occasioned by the presence of a host of infantile spirits, who love her for her tender feelings. They love to come and bear her company, while her thoughts are bent on the little ones of earth. They love to mingle their tender feelings of affection with hers. Their souls are open to her; they can breathe freely in her presence; they rejoice to see her with me; they love a true conjugial sphere. They will be with us more openly when she too comes here. Oh! she thinks with joy, that will be when *her* body, too, will be laid, as the little one she had just seen, in its earthly coffin.

Be not ye who love the Lord
Afraid of any sorrow,
For it will but bless
The soul that mourns.
Lift up your heads
All sorrowing ones,
And let the light
Of love shine on ye.
Be not ye afraid
Of any mortal care.

There is a sun that brighter shines
On those that mourn.
It is the sun of Love Divine.
Lift up your heads
All sorrowing ones,
And see your souls' release.
Be not afraid!
The morning dawns
With such a bright effulgence,
That it casts a light before.
Lift up your heads,
O mortal mourners!
Be not ye cast down,—
Behold the hand Divine!
It comes to bless the sorrowing soul;
It bears a message for ye.
Be not ever lonely.
Sweet and holy
Is the message for ye.
Take, O take it quickly,
For it bears a blessing to ye.
Lift, O lift the portal
Of your soul's desiring.
Let it enter on the threshold
Of your holy temple.

"Give, O give me back my one,
Give her back to me!"

Say ye so, beloved?
Be not ever selfish.
She is gone before ye,—
She is gone to love ye.
In the spirit
She is with thee.
Be, O be not ever selfish:
Read, O read your inward soul.

"Shall I have a willing heart
To bring back my lost one?
Shall I have my lost one back?
Take, O take the dear one gone
To her Father's home!
I would not restore her
To her mother's arms below,
For her soul is blest above,
Where she liveth now.
Take, O take away,
All that selfish is;
And restore my withered heart
With the dew of heaven."

Be not ever mourning
For the lost below.
They are found above,
Where the blest assemble.
Be, O be ye ever grateful
For the hope of heaven.
It will cheer the desolate,
And will calm the troubled breast;
It is given to cheer ye
On your upward way.
Be ever grateful to your Father.
Leave, O leave repining,
'Tis a useless sorrow,
That would call her back to earth,—
That would close her gate of life,
And bring back the twilight hour.
Leave, O leave your vain repining,
And give thanks to Christ on high!

Belov'd, look up on high,
And see the angel watchers.

Bright are the beams of love
That from their faces glow.
Holy is the brightness
That on the infant gleams.
Happy is the mother
That has a babe on high.
Blessed is the morning
That on that offspring dawns,
Beaming with effulgence
Of celestial glory.
Happy is the shining
Of the perfect day,
That for ever will remain
On her face immortal.
Look up from the clay,
And remember her
As an angel watcher
In life's holy Eden.
On her brothers see her smile,
On her mother dear;
On her father's low estate,
See the little one look down.
Dry the tear of sorrow.
Raise the eye of faith
To her soul departed;
Love to think of her above,
In her Father's house:
Love to see her angel form
In the angel garb.
Be not bound to earth below,
But seek her home above.
Be ye glad to think of her
As an angel guide
To that heavenly land
Where no sorrow comes,—
Where the lost are found,—
Where all shall blessing find,
In your home on high.

The mercy and love of God is shewn, not only in the grand and striking outline of life's varied pictures, but also in the most minute and delicate touches of His hand on its surface. Its lights and shadows are all arranged by Him; and His divine plan is marked in the little form of some blade or herb, or some tiny flower, that too often escapes the observation of those who are prone to dwell only on its more prominent features.

The mine of earthly jewels may yield many a gem that will sparkle in a monarch's crown, and pass unnoticed there. But take one little solitary diamond, place it in a ring, and give it to her who loves you!—she will not exchange it for all its fellows in the coronet of earthly grandeur. It will be a richer treasure in her eyes than all that can be bestowed by kingly power; for it was the voice of love that said, "Take this, and wear it for me!" It was given to her by a power that the monarchs of earth bow before, and in whose grasp the strong become weak.

My own has no gem of earth to wear for me, but the cross of gold I wore and cherished, now rests on the bosom of her who loves me. Yet, not till our spirit-union was in nature sealed, did my once-treasured cross become her own; but now, as a marriage ring, it never leaves her earthly form.

My own beheld me in a dream ere she knew me to be hers; and although she gazed on my spiritual

form, she knew me not, but wondered what angel I could be; for she saw that I had an angel's face, and long golden hair, and was clothed in the vestments of heaven;—that I gazed on her with earnest eyes, that I was elevated above the earth whereon she stood, and was surrounded by clouds, some light, but others dark and lowering, which, at last, closed and hid me from her view.

Oh! how she has since dwelt upon this vision—this glimpse she was allowed to have of my spiritual appearance. How, in the hours of trial that soon succeeded, it cheered her soul to recall it to her memory; for she well knew *then* that it was I who had thus shewn myself to her; and she now knows that the clouds by which I was surrounded represented those mental states (some of them very dark ones), that have since overshadowed her spirit, and sometimes even hid me from her view. Oh! how she has prayed and longed to see me as she did then, that she might know of a certainty that it was the truth I was telling her; what reasonings within herself, if indeed it could be true, or whether it were but a dark temptation—a fearful trial that she was passing through—a dream that she should awake from—a passing shade of the night. Oh! how I have heard her pray that God would shew her if this thing were indeed true, or that He would take it away if it were not. How the tears have dropped one by one, as she

has pondered on these things! Sometimes she has thought, "Yes, it must be so," and then again have come the clouds that hid me from her view.

Many and many are the clouds that hang over mortals, and many and many are the bright and shining ones that watch behind those clouds. Some are darker than others,—some are light and gilded as the evening sunset,—but they are generally as fleeting, for the shadows of night succeed, and their brightness is gone for a time. But the morning dawns, and again they are gilded even to the shining of the perfect day. So has it been with her, and so will it be with many. A day of your world is often compared to a life, and so it may be; for as the hours advance, so states progress, and the changing face of nature is a semblance of your changing states.

In some cases, spirits become visible to the natural sight. It is not so impossible to see them with the bodily organ of vision as is generally supposed, for the eye is a very spiritual organ, and it can be so prepared as to behold spiritual beings apparently by natural light. Where this is the case a human being may be seen standing near you, of like proportions with yourself, but of a more fragile or transparent appearance. Now my own has never beheld a spirit in this way, but she perfectly well remembers to have seen, when in a state between sleeping and waking, a beautiful female sitting at her bed-side, placing

flowers on her prostrate form. She lay in calm contemplation of this lovely being, who was then her angelic guide and constant attendant, and who watched her sorrowing spirit with much affection. It was then a heavy time with her who is now so happy; her pillow might have been still wet with tears, but at the moment of seeing the heavenly visitant, her heart was reposing for a season, refreshed by the tranquil slumbers that usually followed the painful feelings which caused those tears to flow. So she lay and gazed with her spirit-eyes on the angelic form beside her, and saw the flowers she was carefully placing upon her person. At last she placed a wreath of white roses on the bed. My own then raised herself up (as it appeared to her, for her body did not move from its recumbent position), in order to get a full view of the angel's face, the profile of which was alone visible to her; but the spirit gently turned her head away, so as to prevent her face from being fully seen, and my own then awoke from the kind of trance she had experienced.

Spirits are sometimes seen by mediums in this way, but some are accustomed to behold them when perfectly awake, and in the light of day; but then they are in a very different state. But to see spirits in the way I have described my medium to have done, is much more truly spiritual and interior; for the natural mind is then asleep, yet the spirit is awake;

for she saw all the natural objects in her room at the same time.

She has received the ardent caresses of her loved spirit-mother, when in a state for open communion; but this was also before her writing mediumship commenced. On one occasion the visitation was preceded by the appearance of a white dove of very brilliant aspect, sitting on an eminence and looking towards her. She calmly contemplated this vision, and remarked to herself how beautiful it was; being perfectly awake,—yet her bodily eyes were sealed, so that she could not open them, though earnestly desiring to do so. On the disappearance of the dove, she was palpably embraced, but she saw no form; her spirit-eye could see the dove, but not the angelic being who then approached her. Well did she know it was the spirit of her she loved, for I was then unknown to her. Plainly did she perceive that ardent sphere of love; palpably did she feel the living breath; clearly did she hear the whispering voice (but could not catch the words it uttered, for her spirit-ear was not sufficiently opened),—rapidly did that angel form pass over her passive frame, and she opened her eyes to the world of nature, filled with the tears of joy, for well she knew that it was an angelic visitation. She has also received kisses on her forehead, when so fully awake that she has asked if they might be repeated, and they were repeated as plainly as

before; the feeling being precisely as though her brow were pressed by human lips, though none were in the room with her. She has felt drops of crystal water fall on her forehead, and has also asked if it might be repeated, which was done. These latter cases occurred when she was perfectly awake, for in the last instance she was about to rise, as the morning sun warned her it was already day.

I see that she is conscious of many other indications of the close proximity of the spiritual world, and of the power sometimes given to its inhabitants to make their presence known to mortals; but those I have here recorded are sufficient to shew that it is all under the guidance of the Almighty that these wonderful things occur; for they could not possibly do so without His divine superintendence. They are not permitted for the sole purpose of exciting your astonishment, or of merely affording you gratification; but on account of the train of thought to which they will naturedly give rise. You would perhaps be very much astonished at first, as my dear one was, but at last you would, as she did, begin to reflect how very near the spiritual world must be for such things to be possible,—and by having your request for a repetition immediately attended to, you would perceive that it is possible to converse mentally with departed spirits.

There are also sensational experiences, sometimes

of a very remarkable character, attending a state of open intercourse; but of these I shall not say more, than that they proceed from a spiritual law, and are the consequence of the state of preparation which even the bodily organs and internal viscera must undergo, to produce the right and suitable conditions to enable spirits to act through those natural organs, in order to communicate with the medium, and thereby with others.

To have the power of open communion with heaven bestowed during the earth-life, is not to be considered as any special display of divine favor, any more than to have it kept closed till the entrance into the spirit-life; because some minds are so constituted that they cannot admit open intercourse in any form without danger to their peace, both in the present life and in the one to follow. It is a false impression to suppose that the mediatorial condition will necessarily injure the health;—it will rather improve it, if the medium is in an orderly state of mind; but if not, it will undoubtedly injure the health of the body as well as that of the mind. There are many who have rashly attempted to open it without considering the sacred nature of such communion; and have thereby brought on states of trial, and subjected themselves to be so led and deluded by artful and ill-disposed spirits, that fearful sufferings have been the inevitable consequence. Many of you desire it to be

opened in you at once, because you think you could do much good; but be assured that if you could do good either to yourselves or others, by having the mediatorial state opened in you, it would not be withheld.

I hear my own pray that she may be kept in the entire subjugation of self, and dependence upon God alone. Beloved! that is the only true form of prayer. You may put it in as different, or in as many, words as you please, but let that sentiment pervade all the prayers that you offer up to God; you will then be free from all delusion, whether you are open to spirit-intercourse or not. As long as you feel the full import of that holy sentiment, no false or lying spirits can approach you; and if they have done so, they will flee away, and never dare to come within your spiritual atmosphere again.

The mediatorial condition is not consequent upon individual regeneration, but as it collectively advances, that state will be much more frequently experienced; for it is a faculty given to every human being, but at present, few can receive it without incurring the danger of perversion. The development of high mediums is often attended with painful trials to themselves, but I have no sympathy with those who think they can detect error where only painful experience is related. The drop of bitterness is sometimes obliged to be allowed to fall into the cup of truth. It will

cause some to dash it from them. My own medium removed it from her lips for a brief period, and thought that she could never taste of it again; but she essayed to taste again, and how has she been blest by it!

I am now an angel, and she who writes this record is a woman in your natural world. But her spirit is open to holy influences from heaven; and it is by this means that I come, by the permission of God, to lead and instruct her, and now—by the great mercy and love of God—I am permitted to teach and to shew you also, that there are many things that are yet unknown to most of you. It has seemed good, in the wise counsels of the Almighty, to reveal to her, what is usually hid from the rest of her sex,—that she has a conjugial partner here. But she is praying her God to give her true humility, for she well knows that her infirmities are many. They often come before her; and then she raises her soul to God, and He shews her all that I am come to shew her—that she is a very weak fallible mortal, but that He who keeps her soul in His hand, is very strong, and is able to preserve her from all harm.

The voice of love has never reached her outward ear. It has been implied by looks and words, but it was never permitted to assume a more decided form. The expected disclosure of the secrets of the heart was never made, the breath of love was never breathed.

I am therefore the only one who has ever said, "I love thee." I am the only one who has received her heart, and oh! she prays her God and my God to give her a fitting heart for me to love! She opens all her soul to me; and one of the great and many blessings she thinks she has to praise Him for, is, that she loved—she truly loved—none other. Her spirit has often been sad when she has thought that she has never been loved; for it was the natural hope that she should be. It had been nursed in the warm bed of conjugial love; for when she was born, it was the true sphere of that holy love that she came into. It was the spring, that was typified by the verdure that then adorned the face of nature. It bloomed in holy flowers in the souls of her parents, and she came like a tender bud that opened and expanded in the sun of that love. O my own! I, too, pined for one who could know me as I was, for I too was desolate and alone. It was love of that particular kind that I sought, but I found it not.

Be not slow to catch the voice of truth. Listen for its music. Pray that your soul's organ may be touched with a hallowed finger, and open your mind's eye to behold the ministering angel, as he strikes the note of harmony unearthly that ye have never listened to before. The ear of her who is mine, is now ever open to that heavenly strain, but it is only kept so by looking up to God. But, perhaps, you also believe

that your eye is raised to His throne, and your spirit-ear is kept open to His voice, and yet you cannot believe in this thing. How is this? It is that you have not fully opened your mind to receive the light from heaven; the windows of your soul's mansion are kept shut and barred by prejudice, and by the force of the falsity ye have admitted into that abode of life,—that all open intercourse with the departed is disorderly and bad, leading to error and delusion. Beloved, how is this? What is the effect of the open intercourse *she* has enjoyed for so long a time past? What evil, or what falsity has it led her into? What self-exaltation has it caused? How is it to be deplored? What mischief has arisen from it? Answer all these questions, with perfect truth and sincerity, and see what the result will be, and believe and act accordingly.

END OF PART I.

AN

ANGEL'S MESSAGE.

PART II.

AN

ANGEL'S MESSAGE.

PART II.

In this portion of my work, I desire to bring before you those sacred truths and principles which will be the means, under the Divine auspices, of elevating your spiritual minds to Him, who desires to bring you all into a state to become eternal recipients of love and blessing from Himself. All who come to God, by opening their minds to receive His holy influx, are nourished by Him: and they will all be so, more and more; for the light of truth has come into your world, and all who love light better than darkness, will have their spiritual eyes opened to discern it.

I see that there are many who will say, "But if an angel is to come down to teach us, and tell us of heaven and heavenly things, why does he not tell us something new? There must be a very great deal that he leaves unsaid and unrevealed." O yes! there is much that he has left untold and unrevealed of the

spiritual concerns of life. "Why," do ye ask, "has he done so?" Even because your mind's eye cannot yet be unsealed to see that which might be presented before your spiritual sight, nor your spiritual ear opened to hear with certainty all that might be poured into it. Remember the Lord's words when He walked your earth. Ye are still in the same case: there are many things that are kept within the treasury of the Lord's house, to be revealed to mortals when they are prepared to receive them. Your eyes must become adapted to the light as it descends to you, and it will descend more and more as you are able to bear it, and to derive benefit from its reception within you; for so far as you are able to be blessed by it, so far only will your Heavenly Father bestow it upon you.

The light of heaven is very bright, it shineth in dark places. The owls of false persuasion will be startled by it, and will fly to and fro in your mental atmosphere; and some may say, "Why are we thus disturbed? We slept calmly before, and desired it not. Let the birds of night sleep in our soul's habitation; for when they are awakened they shriek and are affrighted." Yes! but then they will fly away, and the dove of peace will come and nestle in the bosom that was desolate before.

The rain-drops of truth that already fall on earth, cannot yet be received by all; for some doubt their heavenly origin, and say, "Why does not the whole

shower come at once? Our land is barren; these solitary drops do but mock its need of refreshment—they are too insignificant to proceed from the fount above." Nay, beloved, rather say they are the certain indications of an invigorating shower of truth, that is held in suspension over your heads. When it comes it will penetrate to the heart, it will refresh the flowers that already grow there, and it will cause the slumbering germ to spring up, to put forth the bud of promise, and to develop the blossom of good, that will yield a rich harvest of fruit to be gathered for the vintage above.

Therefore take the little I can at present give ye. It is true that I know more than I tell ye—that I see much more than I can open your eyes to behold; but while ye long for a more copious draught from my chalice, ask yourselves if ye have thought of God—of His nature and attributes—as ye might have done. Have ye felt on all occasions as ye think an angel would feel under like circumstances? Some, I doubt not, have done so; for many an angel veiled in flesh, walks your earth that ye know not of; and when the eye of such a one reads these pages, his soul will be lifted up with praise and thanksgiving, that the truths which have so blessed him, will now be made known to others. He has long known the way to heaven, he has long revelled in the luxury of dwelling on holy themes, the sacred page is his daily

study, his heart is full of love to all mankind; but his soul has often mourned in secret, that others did not know of the good things to be had from a knowledge of even the most simple truths. He has seen a good man mourn with a despairing grief, because he knew not that there is a holy marriage-tie that can never be severed; he has seen a kind and generous heart, yet rebuke an erring one with harshness; he has seen an open nature, yet stoop to deceit—to pander to some low worldly associate; he has seen the Word of God, that to him was full of light, considered a dark mysterious record: he has seen all this, and where he could, he has pointed to the Light and Life of men.

But can one individual finger point out the way to all? Many will not read this book; they will never hear of it. Some will not care about it when they do; some will read it out of curiosity; for they will be much amazed at its title. Some will read it because they will think to find some absurd or false statements in it, to confirm their preconceived opinions, that all such open communion with departed spirits is disorderly, and therefore dangerous. But some, it is hoped and believed, will read with their minds open to the light of heaven; and although they may find many things in it with which they are well acquainted, yet will they be pleased to think that these truths and exhortations to good feelings,

may now be presented to some who did not know them before, and thus some little chord of sympathy may be touched—some still small voice may be raised that will whisper to the conscience within, "I have not felt or acted as this angel says we ought to do," and then there will be a reasoning process commenced, which will give the attendant angels and spirits ingress into the affections, and a way will thereby be opened for the light of heaven to pour in.

The beauty of angels is according to the degree of regeneration they have severally attained during the earth-life; but they also progress in perfection to eternity: therefore, one is more beautiful than another, one is more youthful in appearance than another, one is more happy than another. Those who have been long dead, as you call it, the most truly live; for they look generally younger and more lovely than those who have more recently departed from your sphere.

On leaving the earth-sphere, there is much dross clinging to the soul. This has to be removed, sometimes by a very painful process, sometimes by a process less painful, and some can be prepared for heaven by a very pleasant process. All are treated according to their various requirements; some require pain to purify them, and others need only to be soothed and comforted. All are tenderly treated, and all are loved. Even the evil and violent man is not treated

with any degree of harshness or severity. His complaint is considered just as a good physician considers the ailment of one on earth, whose only care is to remove the disease, and that with as little suffering to the patient as possible. But if the evil be deeply rooted, it will take both time and suffering to remove it; particularly if the evil one is not willing to have it removed: for it does not depend upon the will of the spiritual patient, as it does upon that of the natural one, whether he will submit to be cured or not. If it is seen by the searching eye of God that an evil heart can be made whole, He does not attend to the desire to be let alone, and allowed to continue in the practice of evil habits, or the indulgence of bad feelings.

I have said that I was very happy on my first entrance into the spirit-sphere. I did not then perceive any particular change of life; but if I had not suffered, I could never have had what I now receive. I must have remained shut out from the society of angels, who cannot endure the presence of any spirit who has earthly impurity attached to him, which ought to have been laid in the grave with his natural body, there to perish, to be consumed by loathsome worms and crawling things of the earth, to which the gross and evil lusts of the flesh correspond. So that if you would all try to put aside your low and merely sensual appetites and propensities, while you

are living in the body, they would be put off with that body, never again to rise from the grave in which it has been laid; and you would thereby save yourselves much suffering and anxiety of mind, on your entrance into the life of the spirit, which is the true life, the only one to be properly considered life.

You will be surprised, as I was, when you wake to the life of the spirit without the natural body, to perceive how truly you seem to live, with what elasticity of thought, power, and motion, you are endowed. The atmosphere will be so much more rarified, and all the powers of thought and perception will be so immensely encreased; and when you become aware of the change that has taken place, not only within, but without you also, your spirits will rise in proportion to its greatness. But it is only as you have progressed in goodness and truth in the world you have left, that you can retain this joyous state of feeling; for if you delight in impurity, you cannot associate with the pure in heart. You may think to conceal it from the eyes of angels, as you have previously done from those of men; but an angel, or even a good spirit, cannot be so deceived. He will perceive an evil odour from your presence; you will appear to him as an ugly and deformed object, from whom he must avert his spiritual eye: for God cannot look upon sin, and therefore, he who is transformed into His image, cannot do so either.

Then will come upon you pain and sorrow of heart, such as you had never experienced before; and if you desire to put away the evil offence from before the eyes of God and His angels, you will pray fervently, with deep and earnest contrition of soul, to the Lord your Saviour, that He will, by His divine power, cleanse you from the defilement that you perceive is still clinging to you.

Happy will it be for ye, my friends, if ye feel this spiritual desire to be made clean; that is what is meant by being washed in the blood of the Lamb. For it is by the cross and passion of Christ, the Lamb of God, that the purification from your sins can be effected. He came upon the earth a lamb, white and spotless, but He took upon Himself your evil nature. He was tempted in all points like as ye are. He felt the power of sin uncontrollable to any mortal; but He was God. He alone could control it. He alone could bruise the serpent's head; He alone could look upon sin, and sin not. He alone could combat with all hell, could overcome the powers of darkness, and He alone could bring life and immortality to light. Therefore, beloved, though your sins be as scarlet, He can make them white as wool.

But this happy change cannot come to pass without the mind being conscious of a holy longing—an inward aspiration to be virtuous and pure, and it must also be very willing *to suffer*, if it is given to

understand that suffering will be necessary to complete the purifying process.

But I have said, it may be that an evil man is so immersed in his lusts and fantasies, that he does not wish to leave them; yet it may appear to the omniscient eye of God, that by suffering he can be purified from those evils, which are bearing him down to hell, and that, by such purification, he may be brought into a state to regard goodness and truth as the great end and blessing of his existence. In this case, the man is put into the furnace of his own passions, and when he is almost distracted by the torture they will occasion in his spiritual nature, he despairs of ever being different. He thinks he is in hell, where he deserves to be, for he remembers then, with bitter anguish, all the evil things he did when in the world; how he murdered the innocent, how he polluted the pure, how he destroyed widows' houses, and sought to build up his own den of iniquity; and he thinks he is now justly punished for all these crimes committed in the flesh. He sees how much suffering, torture, and hideousness, evil passions occasion to others, and now to himself also. He thinks of the good things he may have enjoyed in the life of the natural body; but where are they now? They come before his mental vision, but to mock and deride the agony of his present condition. He sees no way out. His companions exult in his misery; he is shut

up with them, and how can he ever leave them? Had he been in the natural body, he would have sought relief by death, by forcibly quitting the mortal tenement; but there is no death unto the spirit. He is now a spirit, so he must live for ever as he is,—a wretched devil in hell.

O beloved! let us leave this awful scene. Let us look on the pitying faces of the angel-watchers. The wretched spirit sees them not; he sees only the forms of horror by whom he is surrounded, and whom he would fain leave, if he could. But, my friends, God is love, and mercy is His living attribute. He does not exercise these principles on some only, but on all. I have often repeated that God loves not as man loves, but as man ought to love, if he would be an image and likeness of his Maker; for God loves all alike, He is no respecter of persons. He loves even the devils in hell, but He abhors the evil that has caused them to be there,—that has created around them a hell instead of a heaven.

O my readers, look at the words of Scripture by the light of heaven; let the sun of divine love shed a golden ray on its sacred page, and do not think that the light of nature is all-sufficient to shew you its hidden glories. It there says, that God is angry with the wicked every day,—that He taketh vengeance on His adversaries,—that He is wrathful and furious. Yea, beloved, He appears so indeed to the evil man,

for he suffers in the way I have described. He raises the cloud of evil exhalation, and sees God's face as a devouring flame, because it seeks to penetrate that cloud.

But His Almighty eye is quick to discern the shadow of turning in the poor spirit we have contemplated. He sees this prodigal afar off, and He hastens to meet him. He prepares the fatted calf; that is, He prepares the good things which He will give the lost one, in such a way that they will the most refresh and strengthen his weary soul.

Happy are the servants He employs to do His bidding; anxiously do they watch His face to catch the word of commission, to go to the tortured soul, and infuse into his mind a faint ray of hope. It must be but a very faint and modified gleam of light that is at first allowed to penetrate that dark prison-house; for it is a hell of evil passion that this spirit has been put into. It is typified by the flame, and the burning pitch, and brimstone, mentioned in Scripture. All such language, when used in Holy Writ, is to be taken in a strictly metaphorical sense; the natural elements of fire, pitch, and brimstone, do not exist in a spiritual world.

A very faint yet perceptible ray of heavenly light, in the form of a dawn of hope, has crossed the mind of this suffering one; then again it seems to fade away, and—"No, there is no hope for me!"—is

again his sorrowful cry. But once more, and when least expected, comes that faint gleam of promise, and now, behold, it lasts a little longer, and it seems more tangible. So it comes and goes; it is as the coming and going of the waters. At last the dry land appears, and the mountains are seen; and the man looks out of the window of his soul, and sees the mountain-top of blessing afar off. He begins to think that there is a God, and he has heard that He is very merciful and kind, and that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners,—to save such as he is: so if he prays to Him, who shall say what message of love may come? At all events, he can try, and if it fail, his condition will be no worse than it is already.

Beloved, see the soul in hell lift up its spirit-eyes towards the realms of the blessed! See this Noah open the window of his ark, and let forth the heavenly dove, that had so long been pent up without stretching her wing, or sporting in the atmosphere above! She flies with steady wing towards the mountain-top in sight; but she cannot reach it, for her wing is weakened by long imprisonment. So she returns again, without any message of love, any answer to the petition that the troubled soul has sent forth. Just so it is with the voice of one unused to pray: he puts up a weak, unimpassioned form of words, that seem inclined to return from whence they came. Again the heart is sad, and hope is faint. The waters

flow to and fro, but there is no more land in sight. All is a desolate, weary waste. There is no green leaf to be seen, no rest for the sole of the dove's foot. Why send her forth again? she will only return devoid of anything in her mouth.

But at last the mountain is so plainly seen, that the human prisoner will put up another petition for help. He sends forth again his dove of prayer—of supplication to God most high. This time his prayer is answered; his dove returns with an olive-branch in her mouth. He takes her in; and when again he puts up his prayer, or sends forth his dove, she returns no more, for she has found a rest for the sole of her foot. His prayer is answered, heavenly messengers are come. They bear him up in their arms, lest he should dash his foot against a stone—lest any more evil passions should cross his upward path—lest he should return to the hell from whence they are bearing him. Gradually they accustom him to the light of heaven; for it is all very new to him. His eye is yet dim with tears; but they were tears of sorrow for the evil he had done in the natural world. He has mourned, so now he is comforted; he has wept, so now his tears are wiped away. He rises, he progresses; but he remembers with dread and anguish, how bitter was the cup that restored him to life—how severe was the knife that removed the canker from his heart's core.

Be not slothful in the concerns of the spirit, for the spirit is of more importance than the body. The spirit will live for ever, but the body will go to its dust—dust to dust, and ashes to ashes—spirit to spirit—like to like—good to good—evil to evil—darkness to darkness—light to light.

God sees the interior mind of man, and He sees that there is evil in the hidden part, which is not visible to the human eye. He sees that, unless the silver that is within is purified from the dross that covers it, destruction will ensue. The process may be a very fiery one, but it will be short. It will save from an eternity of woe, from impurity which would bear him down, far from the peaceful homes of heaven, where purity, peace, and happiness may be his for ever. Would it not be much more reasonable to be horrified, to know that terrific scenes were being perpetrated for ever, with encreasing anguish, rather than that a short period served to effect a cure of the evil, which, if suffered to remain in tranquillity, would have had that direful effect?

Is it not, then, by a merciful dispensation of Providence, that fearful trials are sometimes allowed to be experienced by mortals, before entering the eternal state? For when the veil of earth is rent, then will they rise prepared to receive of the good things which their ever-watchful Lord is ready and waiting to bestow upon them. The night may be dark and

full of horror and dismay; but the morning cometh, and bright will be the dawning of the day that begins in heaven, where the suffering soul will come fresh from the purifying process; tender will be the hands that will receive it, hallowed and pure will be the kiss of love from angel lips, quickly will they drop the veil over the scene it has left, and with their angel fingers raise the one that will reveal to the enraptured sight the eternal glories of the spirit spheres.

Oh! what revealings of hidden thoughts, of secret motives, will be opened to you all, as ye, one by one, enter the spiritual sphere. The light of heaven will penetrate into every secret chamber of your soul. All will be made to appear. Your secret sins will be seen in the light of His countenance. The little tender feeling—the tear of sympathy—the sigh of regret for another's woe—the pitying look—the unhallowed word—the careless indifference—the harsh rebuke, to the wounding of some gentle spirit—will all come forth here. The despised of earth may have had his, or her, hallowed thoughts; they shall not one of them be lost. They are richer treasures in the eye of God, than all the gold and the jewels of your earth. The tender word spoken to a suffering brother—the tear that fell unnoticed by any mortal eye—is noted here. It is a pearl beyond all price, for it may save a soul; its holy influence is

very precious in the sight of God; it fell for another, it is the sweet absence of self. Perhaps it was but for a moment, and the rough manner, the look of hard indifference, returned. Yes! but it cannot take away the impress of that one unseen tear—seen by no eye but God's. It will swell into a river that will wash away many and many a blot on the mirror of your lives. It will make it so clean that, at last, the face of God will be seen in it. O ye who judge your fellow-man, pause and think of this ere ye do so! Ye see not as God sees; for He seeth the hidden part, but ye see only the outward covering.

Oh! how you would love your fellow-mortals if you could know how God loves them. "He opens His hand, they are filled with good;" but he does not shut his hand. The remembrance of His good things may be lost; but they have been stored up for the day of need. The little seed may have been sown, it may lie a long time dormant, the dust and the soil of earth may lay upon it; but at last comes the rain: the showers of long pent-up tears may come and water the little seed; it shoots forth its tender leaf; the hardened soul is surprised to see it; it becomes a little stronger; it puts forth another and yet another leaf; it sends forth a branch; it brings forth a bud; it produces a flower; the flower looks up to God; His sun shines upon it; it puts forth sweet scent.

Now this is an exact illustration of a principle in

the human spirit. A tender thought—a long lost remembrance of some dear one who once loved us—a kind word that was once spoken—may come back, borne upon the tide of life, borne upon dark waters, it may be, but at length cast upon the shore of our inward man. Fearful and terrible may have been the storm that cast it there; but there it is at last. The tide recedes, and leaves the little seed, calm and quietly lying on the strand of our heart. A gentle breeze wafts it upward; slowly it ascends, for there are hard and barren rocks in the way; they are the long cherished principles of error and evil habits, that must be overcome, ere this little tender thing can find a spot of genial earth, wherein to take root and make to itself an abiding place.

Let us now give up this simile. The man or woman in whom all that is prefigured by it has taken place, becomes cognizant of new feelings: a new life is entered upon. O yes! new aspirations take the place of those that were low and grovelling in their nature, and a new object in life appears.

My friends, be ye not hard of hearing: for even among the most desperate there may be a shade of turning; there may be a shade of pity that is hardly perceptible even to the person exercising it. A murderer may feel this little waft of heavenly air passing over him, even while in the execution of the cruel act: his hand may have been stayed but an instant,

a second, by that hallowed feeling: it got into his soul through some small aperture in his mental constitution, that was open towards heaven. Quickly the evil ones closed it up, and his hand gave the fatal blow, without any further feeling of remorse. He is condemned, and dies on a scaffold. But is his soul most certainly lost? God forbid that any mortal should say it is. The little faint ray of heavenly light has shone on his dark soul, black and polluted with a series of crime,—a life, it may be, of evil, of misery and degradation, unknown to those who are far removed from the scenes in which he has been nurtured. The opening wherein that little shade of pity entered, can never be permanently closed. It was veiled over, but it can be opened again; and when it is so, a little more pity will enter: the aperture will be enlarged, the light from heaven will come in more abundantly, the ray will penetrate into dark recesses, sombre chambers will be lit up by it. The spirit-man will, at last, shudder at, (shall I say) *at himself.* Yes! he will see how happy others are; his victim even, if good, will come and tell him he too may be happy, he need not fear. He will wonder very much at all this, for he thought he was going to hell, there to suffer everlasting torment; but instead of reproaches, he is consoled, he is treated very kindly, he is at last moved to tears. O, then, what joy in heaven! He is loved, and tender hands wipe

away the tears. He desires to leave those evil and cruel fiends who were exulting in his downfall, and he would go with those who are so kind, and ready to perform such good offices for him.

This is ever the course that our Heavenly Father pursues towards His fallen creatures; therefore, judge ye not any. Love and pity, and do all in your power to relieve your suffering fellow-mortals, both morally and physically. Judge them not; not even those who torture and slay your body. Pity them, do not wish to harm them, lest by so doing ye shut the gate of heaven on yourselves, instead of opening it for both to enter. Follow your Lord and Master,—"pray for those who persecute you and despitefully use you." Prevent their doing the like again, but do not wish to be revenged on them. "They know not what they do." Had you been born under like circumstances, how shall ye say what manner of men ye might have been.

Beloved, ye look on the bodies of men, but God looks on their souls. Ye see them not always, but God's eye is never closed on any human creature, white or black, rich or poor, clean or unclean, king or slave. All—all are alike to Him. All are equally loved; all are equally provided for in His Almighty counsels. There is not one tiny infant, one loathsome being that crawls upon your earth, that is not under His minute inspection,—whose little tendencies

to good or evil are not watched with a scrutiny that the mortal mind cannot grasp the idea of.

Man, in his blindness,—O yes! and in his impious presumption, has thought that he could rule the universe much better than God. He has thought that he would not have had any evil in existence, consequently, no pain—no suffering—no wrong—no injustice—no oppression—no cruelty. Why do all these things exist, if God is all-powerful, all-merciful? Why does He not delight to shew it by immediately stopping such frightful calamities by a sudden fiat of His word? He called the earth into existence,—why does He not call it from sin and misery, and make it at once beautiful and good, and all its inhabitants happy and blessed? O man! thou worm of to-day! dost thou indeed think and reason so? Is thy thought higher than God's thought? "He who made the eye, shall he not see?" "Yes," ye may say, "He, or something, has given us reason, and it is by the light of this reason that we thus see, and think, and reason."

I shall not be able to convince any who will not open their minds to receive light from heaven; for "the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not." Ye are as the grass of the field: it is cut down and withereth; it feeds the animals of your earth; but it nourisheth no *man,—no spiritual truth can live by the principle of natural reason alone:*

yet, if well directed, it may be made the *means* of leading ye into the knowledge of holy and spiritual truth,—it will bear ye into the holy city, as the ass whereon the Lord of Life rode into Jerusalem, there to partake of the passover, the type of that passover above, which will nourish and satisfy your souls.

Oh! my beloved, rest not in the outward appearance, it is wrapped for a while in mystery; even as the napkin that was about the holy head of Christ—found lying by itself—not with the other clothes; clothes are truths; it is not perceived as other truths; that is, it is a truth that God does govern and rule all things, and all men, for the greatest possible good, but in what way, or in what order, cannot, in the light of your world, be clearly seen; it is the "napkin folded together, and lying by itself;" it will be unfolded *here*, it is too holy to be touched by mortal hands; it cannot be unfolded in your world.

This truth may be further illustrated by the passage of Scripture, which relates the circumstance of a young man having followed the Lord, with a linen cloth cast about his naked body; you seek to lay hold on it, but it eludes your grasp, and flees from you in its naked purity; it leaves but its outer covering, and that is but a linen cloth,—it is not formed into a garment for you to put on.

Have great faith and confidence in God, for He has a holy purpose in all that He does. No! nothing

is in vain. All is as was ordered from the beginning: not that any are predestined to suffer, but it is foreseen that suffering is the only means of bringing those who do suffer, into communion with God, enabling Him to bless and protect them from evil.

There are many who suffer, they know not why; yet if they would ask God to shew them, He would send the still small voice that would speak to their souls, and would say,—"If thou wouldst have treasure in heaven, take up the cross and follow me." For it is by submitting to trials, with confidence that they are necessary, that the cross will become light, and the burden easy to bear.

All the angels that are in heaven have passed by the way that ye are now passing to your Father's home, therefore they can sympathize in your trials; some of them have been grievously tormented for righteousness sake.

I am desirous to comfort and to console all who are suffering and passing through earthly trials, for they will lead to great and lasting blessings. This is the most difficult to be discerned when the sufferer is a child; for children under a certain age are not responsible for their actions; but if they live in your world, they will become so; therefore the previous suffering is permitted *for ends of use*, to be attained when the little sufferer shall become of an age to be a responsible agent.

In some cases a child is known to suffer very much, previous to its removal from the earth-sphere; but then it has to go through the same regenerating process *above*, which it would have done, had it remained below; but all suffering will cease. The little tender being will, in the spirit-sphere to which it has been removed, receive the heavenly influx in a much larger proportion, than it could have done as an inhabitant of earth.

It is usual for you to say of a remarkably precocious child,—"he is too good, or too clever, to live:" by that you mean, that he appears to have attained perfection at so early an age, that he must be ripe for the vintage above. But herein is a great mistake. He is not taken away because he is ripe, but because he has early completed his earthly pilgrimage,—he has progressed more rapidly than is usual with children of his age, and therefore he will receive of the spiritual influx, which can be poured more directly into his cup of life from the chalice above.

But, blessed be God! there are many who attain to an advanced age on earth, passing through many sorrows and trials, who are very open to the breath of life that wafts upon them from heaven. Many an inward eye is uplifted through the veil of flesh, and many an inward ear is open to the voices of heaven, and the harmonies of truth; they strike a pleasant chord on the vigorous soul within the aged house of clay.

It is His divine will that all should be saved; but if the free-will is perverted, and instead of putting ourselves under His banner, we *will* go and fight under the banner of God's foes, then how can He drag us out from the enemy's ranks, and say, I *will* have ye under my control; ye *shall* be happy in my way; ye *shall* eat of my supper. Would there not be found many and many a one, alas! who had not on a wedding garment?—who must be cast out to where there would be weeping and gnashing of teeth? The halt, the lame, and the blind, may come in, if they have on the garment of righteousness, in which they will appear in the wedding chamber of heaven.

It is not intended that the veil which at present covers the face of Scripture, should remain thereon for ever. The literal sense is as a veil over the spiritual or interior meaning, that lies concealed beneath that holy covering. It will be removed, as the natural one was from off the face of Moses, when he went into the tabernacle to speak with God.

The Scripture histories are all to be considered as types and symbols of hidden and divine realities, which cannot be revealed to those who are not prepared to acknowledge them as such, and who would only pervert their sacred import. The letter of Scripture,—the little simple histories that your children love to read,—that your sages mark and try inwardly to digest,—are fraught with a meaning that angels

love to study,—that they cull their wisdom from,—that they draw their hallowed feelings from,—that they contemplate with wonder and admiration.

I am desirous to lead you to Christ; for it is to Him ye must look to have your minds enlightened. If ye come not to Him, ye must remain blind; for ye will only hear the sound and confusion of the multitude. But cry out to Him when ye know that it is the Christ who passeth by, and He will hear your cry, and will command that ye be brought unto Him. I am only one of those who will readily come and say to you, "Be of good comfort, He calleth for thee." I will raise you up from the ground, and will bring you to Him, to have your eyes opened; for I can no more do it than His followers of old, who gladly cheered the poor blind man, and helped him to come to the opener of blind eyes; and He will say, "What wouldst thou that I should do unto thee?" For He desires that we should ask for our blessings, and then we are better prepared to receive them. So go to Him and say, "Lord, that I may receive my sight."

O my brethren! how many and many would receive their sight if they would go to Christ, to have their blind eyes opened. Ask ye Him truly,—that is, with an earnest heart; pray to Him for light,—more light. He will hear your prayer. He will answer it Himself. Be ye sure of this. Be confident that your prayer is heard. "Fear not, only believe."

He will anoint your eyes with His divine principle of love to Himself; then will you see,—yes, you will see "men as trees walking;" that is, you will see spiritually what you before saw naturally. And though you never saw before, you will see, and know that what you now see, are men; that is, spiritual truths. The man whose eyes the Lord opened, had never seen either trees or men; then why did he say, "I see men as trees walking?" What did he mean by it? He did not know what he was saying; but that the Scripture might be fulfilled, he said it; for he uttered a great *spiritual* fact, when he said those few words. They were pregnant with a deep hidden sense, that appeared not to the natural men standing by, and gazing on the Lord of Life,—to see what He would do next; for they saw that the miracle was imperfect. The man did not see clearly, he only saw men as trees, and he thought that trees walked. But they knew not that a spirit moved upon the face of the waters,—that the man who stood with his blind eyes turned upon the man of sorrows before them, was trying to see the Lord of heaven and earth —his Maker and their Maker. They knew not that the coarse outer garment concealed the form of God in the flesh; they knew not that they also saw men as trees walking;—that is, that they too were spiritually blind, and believed that natural things, natural types and shadows, were all-sufficient for progression

in spiritual attainments. But when the Lord *again* put His hand upon the blind eyes, the man of the *old* dispensation saw all men clearly; he saw that trees did not walk, but that it was men who could alone walk with the Lord of Life—the opener of blind eyes. Thus the man of the *new* dispensation of light will see that spiritual truths are contained within the letter of Scripture, and that for this reason it is to be venerated and loved,—that even the hem of the garment of sacred Truth is to be kissed, for it covers a divine soul,—the God of men,—of angels,—of all that is, that was, and is to come.

Beloved, if ye had been blind to outward things, and had seen them not, how would ye gaze on them for the first time after your eyes had been opened? If your ears had been closed to earthly sound, how would ye have listened to the harp, the psaltery, and viol, when ye first heard the strain float on your atmosphere? Would ye not have raised your soul on high with an adoration to the Creator of these natural things, such as ye had never felt before? Even so will it be when your spirit-eye is opened, and your spirit-ear is unstopped; for now—yes, even now—many of you think the externals of religion are all-sufficient for spiritual progression.

My own! you see the application of this miracle: but it has a much deeper and more interior sense than this. It is a holy picture or representation of

the Church as it was in the time of our Lord's advent. It was so dark and blind a state of things, that even when the Lord was personally seen by her, she knew Him not, because her spiritual eye was closed, and the natural one only was open.

I see that you are pleased when I explain any portion of the Word to you: but it rather tries you; for it is a new phase of your mediumship. You will, therefore, be very careful not to be too much excited by it. Yes, dearest! you are very thankful for all I am permitted to do, not only for you, but for others also. I see how you fear any thought of self in it, and desire to love God above all things else,—that He may anoint your eyes with what comes from Himself, and that it may be mixed with the clay of your earth; that is, that what is spiritual may be prepared by the Lord, in a way to cohere with the natural, and thus be made to effect the purpose of opening your eyes.

Many things are unknown to you, but you think it is not the time for you to know all. You will feel much the same to eternity; for there is always something to be known—something to acquire—that we had not before. It is the new life which descends to us every moment; it can never be exhausted. It is a well of water springing up into everlasting life; it comes from the only fountain of life; it is Christ sitting at the well. We bring our pitchers to Him.

He will give us all we desire, if we desire truly—for He knoweth what we have need of,—and if we know who it is that saith unto us, "Give me to drink."

The Lord gave the woman of Samaria spiritual truth in return for her natural drink. When you love the Lord as a little child, and delight to be led of Him into all goodness and truth, then you give the Lord that for which He thirsts; and then will he give you spiritual water, which is truth of a higher and more celestial character; for it will spring up into a well of life, of living waters: it will cause you never to thirst any more; for it will be in you as long as you can be with the Lord, for He will come into the city of your souls.

The passage is full of hidden meaning, which I am not at present desirous to explain further; for she who receives it into her natural mind, is my pitcher, and she is not accustomed to hold the water of spiritual truth in this way; so she does not yet hold as much as I should require, to give drink to those who are longing for a more copious draught.

I see that all I have said has greatly blessed her; but she also feels that there is much more that might be given. O yes, dear! so there is; but you cannot have more till you are better able to receive it. Oh! my one dove! no, do not be impatient. I see how it delights you. Do not fear, it shall all come in time; but I will have no impatience, no hurrying on

of states that must be gradually developed. No! I see that you will be quite calm, and wait for the true development of your state; for only in proportion as it orderly progresses, can it bless you, and be of use either to yourself or others. O yes, dear! that is the way I desire you to progress in. I will not assist to bring on states that require great spiritual strength, before you are able to bear that strong food which must be given you, to enable you to carry out what God requires of you.

Great blessings and holy treasures are ours, for I am progressing with you. We go hand in hand through life. Although you did not know me, hardly at all, in the world, I am with you now. God has shewn you that I am with you.

All angels are spirits; but all spirits are not angels. Now, as I have described elsewhere, when I entered the world of spirits—as all do immediately after the demise of the natural body,—I had there to undergo various states of preparation, before I became an angel, which is the ultimation of all the states a spirit may have to pass through, either in the flesh or out of it. During my state of progression in this first stage of spirit-existence, I could not be allowed to hold open communion with my conjugial partner on earth; for I myself had yet to learn: therefore, how could I be commissioned to lead and instruct her? It would have been the blind leading the blind. But

as I advanced into higher states, I became gradually aware of our interior connexion; and, although she was still an inhabitant of the sphere I had left, yet that I could be interiorly conjoined with her spirit, in such a way and degree, that we could progress together into the heavenly life, and that I might be allowed to watch over her, and guide her steps in an upward direction.

I am not pleased if you, dear! think that I am only with you when your mind is in an elevated state. I am always with you; not more so, but more openly so, when you can withdraw your mind *somewhat* from outward influences. If I were with you in the world, I could not be of the spiritual benefit to you that I am now. I should have my trials going on, and they would add to yours, and you could not have the comfort and blessing of my spiritual companionship as you now have. Oh! it is vain to think of what would have been! It never has been, so it never could have been. All is ordered by God. All I am permitted to do for you is for a holy purpose. I am in the order of my existence, and you are in yours; but our souls are cast in the same mould, that is, your soul is, in a measure, so much *as* mine as it is possible to be; for it is a counterpart of mine.

I can write all my thoughts through her, using her but as my pencil for that purpose. She well knows that I can only do so as she is enabled by

God, to keep her inward mind fixed steadfastly upon Him; and she prays to Him in her own thought, that He will so keep her all the time that I am writing through her. So that I am only able to proceed in proportion as He will, and can, give her this special manifestation of His power. She has, throughout the progress of this book, been exhorted so to look unto Him alone, that I have never seen her take up her pencil to follow my thoughts, as I dictate them to her, without first raising her inward thoughts to His throne;—that is, she has endeavoured to place herself *en rapport* with me, through the power of God. She has not asked me to tell her, of myself, what she was next to do or to say, for the carrying out of this work; but she has been led to look to the Lord alone for the power to do so, and to ask Him to enable me to lead her according to His divine will, and not, in any case, according to her desires or wishes. Therefore I have not told or instructed her beforehand, as to how she was to proceed; but she has, day by day, taken up her pen to write, as it should be given her at the moment; only earnestly desiring to have her mind opened and enlightened by God alone. Hence it is that she has perfect confidence that all she does, flows forth from His divine power, not only within her own mental organization, but within mine also: for she knows that we are of one mind, and that it is by virtue of

this sacred union of soul, that she is enabled so to act, and to write that of which she has no previous knowledge.

But it might also be given her by another process, as I have elsewhere shewn, and then she would only have to place her hand passively on the paper, with the pencil prepared to write. In that case I should act upon her material frame, instead of on her natural mind; and *this* process would only come to her outward perception, as a power that moved and guided her hand to form certain letters, indicating the words necessary to form the sentence that I wished to appear on the paper before her. Now in both cases of spirit-writing, the propelling power is just the same, only the action is on different parts of the body. For in order to affect her mind, I must act upon her brain; but if she wrote by hand-guiding, I should influence the nerves and muscles of her hand. The various parts of the human frame are all connected together, so that when I act on her brain for the purpose of enabling her to portray my ideas in outward form, I influence both brain and hand at the same time, so that the hand-action is co-existent with the brain-action; the one is quite inseparable from the other. Thus she cannot form a single letter that I do not originate by my interior action upon her.

Let the sons of toil look up and behold the day of rest that is dawning on them. O yes, it will be a day of inward rest! But what is rest? I ask the question of all. Some will answer it in one way, some in another. All the travellers of earth need rest; they need it naturally, and they also need it spiritually. Some need a rest from sorrow,—a rest from the shedding of tears; some need a rest from worldly care—from battling with the world,—from going to and fro, and from walking up and down in it. But some have no such need; they have of the world's goods enough and to spare; they are rich in nature, but are they rich in spirit? Yes, there are some rich ones of earth whom the Lord can look upon with approbation,—who *will* sell all that they have to give to him who hath not, and who follow their Lord whithersoever He goeth; for they are the true rich ones of heaven; they live in His presence, and they know that they are only truly rich while they are with Him, for He leads to where moth and rust do not corrode.

There are those who are rich in your sense of the word, whose inward spirit is clothed in rags; who have no habitation above the mansion on earth,—whose natural state is the semblance of what their spiritual state ought to be, but which, alas! it is not.

Beloved! there are also the poor in spirit, who

love much, who, though they may have nowhere to lay the head of the body, yet lay the head of the spirit on the breast of Christ, as He sits at the table of their souls.

The design of the Creator is that all should be led by Himself into a state of *eternal* progression. This is the end of His creation: this is the path He desires you to follow, for He is Himself the very essential principle of all true happiness. He has made it as the light of His sun, and desires to see it shine on all alike: but if it is turned away from, and darkness and all disorder is sought and preferred before it, then must the spirit so turning away from his Maker and Divine Protector, be led back to the path he has forsaken, by a circuitous route, that will cause the journey to his Father's house above, to be both toilsome and painful. The ascent will be steep and difficult, for the soul has now to climb over hard and barren rocks, because he has departed from the true path, and has thought that he could devise a way for himself. But his Father sees him afar off, and sends the messengers of His bounty to meet him, and to shew him that he has chosen the broad way leading to destruction. But if it were only from a want of light, or that he mistook a meteor gleam for the Sun of righteousness, then will his ear be opened to the voice of those who will say unto the weary traveller on an inhospitable shore, "Be not afraid; there is a

welcome awaiting thee in thy Father's house: He has sent us to guide thy steps aright."

Give to God thine heart—thy immortal part; and give to the world that which the world demands as its due. Give to God the things that be God's; and give to Cæsar, Cæsar's tribute.

Live in the world as men passing through a foreign land on their way home. Do not make a home where there is none that can satisfy a longing, earnest heart; where there is ever and anon a tear succeeding a smile,—where the one soon changes to the other,—where the cup of happiness extatic, may at any moment, be dashed from your lips.

Let us see how we should live the life that leads to heaven,—that will give us a foretaste of the heaven we desire to reach.

The natural and spiritual education of the human subject should be carried on simultaneously,—the one progressing within the other, just as the form of a beautiful insect is known to do within a rough unornamented shell.

Let a child be taught to love God,—to look up to Him as the Creator and Preserver of all things,—of all men, of all that he sees, of all that he hears, and of all that he can do, or feel, or think, or receive into his mental consciousness. Let him be early told that he is indebted to this One munificent Being for all the childish joy, all the innocent pleasure, he expe-

riences. Let this idea be placed before his infantile mind, when he rises from his little couch, and also when he again lays his head on its pillow, for the repose necessary to recruit the strength of his little frame. Let the strength of the spirit be cared for too; not by merely teaching him to repeat a form of words, but tell him that if, as he tries to sleep, he thinks of God, and thanks Him *in his own way*, for all the enjoyment of the past day, God will love him, and will give him more real blessings than he is then able to receive; for that He desires to prepare him to become an angel in heaven; but that *he also* must desire it, and endeavor to let the Lord make him one; then will the angels come to shew him the right way.

A Christian mother should thus instruct her child; and how will she then call down a blessing upon her own head! For she will be doing an angel's work, and the angels above will consociate with the angel below; they will be fellow-laborers in the same vineyard.

O my friends! if ye could see behind the veil of flesh, and gaze on the unveiled spirit-scene that ye have called around the little sojourner in a strange land, (for it is not the home of his fathers, it is but the passage that leads to it),—if ye who love to care for the body, knew what the spirit receives when ye look to God yourselves, and teach your babes to raise

their little hands on high, ye would fain leave all and follow Him who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."

The child so taught and instructed, will rise into states of knowledge and consequent progression towards the interior life, that cannot be recognized by his earthly guardians; for they see only his outward bearing, but his angelic guardians look upon his inmost spirit, and will then be enabled to infuse holy states of wisdom into all his worldly acquirements; and while he is learning the alphabet of nature, he will be acquiring the heavenly literature of his immortal soul; the one will form the basis of the other. Shew him how to blend heavenly with natural instruction in all that he learns; and in all that he delights in, let the wisdom that is above nature have a part. Let all the grand truths and realities of life, be to him but as the basis for the grander realities of the life beyond the tomb. Let that abode of earthly defilement be looked upon as the gate of life, that must be unlocked to every mortal that traverses the soil of earth. And say how God desires to open it on heaven, the glories of which every Christian mother should know how to paint before the eyes of those she has nourished at her breast, and whose spirit-life may be not the less dependant upon her care. How would ye condemn the unnatural parent who could refuse the milk of nature to her helpless

babe, yet how many neglect to nourish their children with the milk of spiritual knowledge.

But where is this spirit-wisdom to be found? how can we learn it? in what books shall we find it? Beloved! it may be taught us on our couch. In the darkness of the external sphere, the night may be light about us; for there is a sun that shines by night as well as by day; it penetrates into the obscure recesses of the soul, and there it brings hidden things to light; it lights up the secret motive, the silent thought. The covered spring of every action of our past life, becomes visible by its clear shining on a soul that desires to open its windows to let it in. It penetrates into the two hemispheres of the brain at the same time; it lights up the chambers of the understanding and the will together, and it warms them, so that they can act in unison,—the one reflecting its hallowed gleams upon the other. Then, beloved, we shall rise from our contemplations, and go forth into a new world, even in that very sphere of nature through which a vista will be opened into the world of spirit.

Is there any among the sons of men who will say, Nay, let us alone to take our own course? Are there still Israelites among you who will prefer the flesh-pots of Egypt, to the land that is flowing with milk and honey? Will you bear the yoke of bondage unto sin, and not take off your golden ear-rings and give them to the Moses who will lead you where you

shall behold the living God, and to the mountain whence you shall receive of the new covenant of righteousness that shall make you free unto salvation? What is salvation? Why should ye seek it? Ye see the man of the world happy in the world's ways. Ye see the man of commerce enjoy the gains of ill-gotten wealth. Ye see the man after God's own heart, despised and little cared for. The one lives in a palace, the other in a hut. The one is very fair to look upon in the light of your sun: he is surrounded by the bright and the fair ones of earth. The herb on his lawn is green, and the flowers of nature send a fragrant aroma through his courtly halls. But how does he appear in the sight of God and His holy angels? They have palaces too; they are refreshed by the perfumes of heaven: but how do they look on their gems and their flowers? Do they see but the outward show? or is the gem that glistens with celestial lustre not eloquent with themes of angelic wisdom, that speak to their spiritual perceptions, as did the Urim and the Thummim of old? Even so is it with the gem, and the rainbow, and the flower of the paradise above.

He who has been transformed into the image and likeness of the Maker of all things, will find a vague undefined perception of delight, gliding with silent footstep into the mansion of his soul, that the man of the world knows not of.

The flower of earth is the embodiment of the flower of heaven. Did none grow there, no germ could bud and blossom in the soil of nature. It is the procreation that is above nature, that causes the green herb to spring forth for the service of man—for his pleasure, and for his wisdom also. There is not a tiny floweret that peeps from forth your way-side hedge, that is not a germination from the germination above—from the garden that is filled with the blooms of paradise, that bear a bud and a blossom delighting the inmost senses of those who tread therein—of those who once trod the path of earth, with a flower of hope in the breast, but a thorn that ever and anon pricked the finger that sought to place it there.

O ye who love the rose of earth, from whence, think ye, comes the hallowed feeling? Is it not an emanation from some power that natural thought cannot reach, that natural reason cannot penetrate,—some undefined power that makes the scent of flowers as a breath that is eloquent with a hidden meaning—a living essence that speaks to the immortal part of man, that passes through his corporeal part, and reaches the sensorium of his soul?

Why is it that no animal cares for the fragrance of these children of nature, whose breath is so delightful to the refined senses of mankind? Even because the animal has no power to take into its soul, the

spiritual aroma they contain, and which they give forth to man alone. Is there a peasant babe who does not love to gather the wild blossoms of the wood, and to scent their odoriferous breath, with a feeling of enjoyment that belongs to the human kind alone? Is there a sentiment within the breast of man, that does not exist, that has not pre-existed in the Deity? Is there then a pure and unsullied sense, that does not proceed from Him as the fountain of life from whom that sense has emanated? Hence, then, it is that there are flowers in heaven; hence it is that there are flowers on earth; hence it is that ye love to cultivate them around your habitations—that ye love to inhale their breath; for it is a foretaste of the joys and pleasures of heaven that ye then experience. The angels delight in their paradises, as ye do in the gardens of earth; and they perceive that while their own interiors are recreated and refreshed by this never-ending, and ever-renewing scene of beauty and grace, the little one, fresh from the earth-life, is delighting his infant spirit by revelling in the sweets of—oh yes!—of *heavenly* nature, as he did in its prototype on earth. He has left the nature that was the body or covering, and he has come into the nature that is the soul—the life-giving essence of that nature which has place on earth. There is a spirit in nature, and there is a spirit in man, that rests with the Creator alone. There is a spirit that

cannot be seen even by the eye of spirit; for it is the essence, the fountain of the life, which animates all moving beings, and nature also.

The little one, fresh from the arms of its earthly parent, is very delicately tended, or he would expand into no flower of promise, but would only be exhausted by the pressure of the spiritual element into which he has been removed. He is given to the care of one who will supply the place of the mother on earth, for a season, till the babe of heaven shall have gained strength to bear the intelligence that he is no longer a child of earth.

I have elsewhere said, that this information is but gradually brought to the perceptions of those who depart from the land of their nativity, when the days of childhood and youth have passed; for it is a universal law, that no sudden revealment of a change of state should be divulged to the subject of it. It is by degrees of elevation that perfection of state is attained. The term *perfection*, being in a strict sense applicable to the Deity alone, is only used in a relative sense, to denote a higher and higher degree of progress in the regenerate life of the spirit; for progression does not cease with the departure from the first stage of advancement.

There is, therefore, no sudden transition of feeling, which would interfere with the calmness necessary to be preserved, in order that the airs of heaven may

waft in gentle breezes over the surface of the soul's lake, and that the shadows and reflections therein portrayed, may be still and unruffled. For if the child were to be made aware that he was an inhabitant of heaven, he would not desire to learn, but would only request to be shewn its magnificent sights, without any other object than the gratification of his external senses. But as he supposes that he is still on earth, he does not think at all about it; for he has no reason to do so, as everything appears to him to be just the same as he has always been accustomed to.

But where is his tender, loving mother, or his little infant companions? Behold them around him; he sees her, though she is shedding the tear of natural sorrow, and cannot behold her spirit-babe. All have a spiritual appearance, which is visible here, and which only portrays such emotions as are spiritual. The sorrow of a parent at losing her child, is not spiritual, but wholly natural, and therefore it has no outward embodiment here, where the atmosphere will not contain a natural thought or affection of the mind. But a spiritual sorrow can be seen and known by spiritual beings, in order that they may be enabled to minister to the subject of it. To the spirit-child's enraptured sight, the tear is changed to a pearl of love, and the sigh is eloquent as the music of the spheres; for the one and the other are but outward expressions of love.

The conceptions of the Deity are all mirrored in the world of nature. She is the outward form and expression of the divine reality, existing, and pre-existing, in the mind of God. How else is she to be considered an outbirth or creation of God? Can there, O man! be a form of terrestrial grandeur, that is not eloquent to the soul that looks on it? Is it not wondrous to behold? But of what use is wonder? Yet, if wonder lead to admiration, and admiration to a thought of God, and a thought of Him who made mountain and valley, beget an adoration,—a lifting up of the human soul to its Maker and their Maker,—then do ye ask why the earth is made as it is, and why there is mountain and valley, and lake, and sea, and flower, and herb, summer and winter, heat and cold? Why is it that man and woman walk on its surface, and why do the very stones cry out with a voice, that speaks to the ear that is cultivated enough to understand their speech?

The world is a prototype of the mind of man. There is the herb springing forth into light and righteousness, there is the clean and the unclean beast, and the moth that corrodes the garment of truth, the vesture that should be whole without seam or rent. There is the mountain-top that should rise to heaven, and the plain that should be for the flocks and herds to repose in, and there are streams of

living waters to refresh and strengthen the calves, and the tender lambs of the soul's affections.

I have endeavored to shew that there is a voice and a living spirit in all things, that speaks to the soul of every human being; but all do not hear that voice, nor perceive the harmony of outward nature with inward spirit. The time is, however, approaching, when this voice will become much more audible; and when ye become spirits in a spiritual sphere, ye will see that these things are so, and that I have indeed told you the truth. But if ye do not open your minds to desire to be instructed, ye will remain blind, as ye are at present; for wisdom is not given to those who do not seek it, in the world of spirit, any more than it is in the world of nature. Ye must cultivate the desire for spiritual knowledge in the *first* sphere of life, ere ye can receive it in the *second*; then will it be given in great measure: but if ye do not care about it, it will not be forced upon ye.

I desire to do the will of Him who has said to me, "Go and communicate these things to her you love, and, through her, to those whom you love not personally, but whom you do love as a collective body of God's children."

Beloved, God does not say these very words to me, but He gives me to perceive, in a spiritual way, that such is His holy will; consequently it is my delight to do, and to carry out into the ultimates of nature,

that which He has designed before I came into existence. I have labored to fulfil that design, and to bear His message faithfully to you; it is for you to receive or to reject that message, as it shall seem good to you. I do my part, do ye yours. I pray to my Lord and your Lord, that He will give the power to fulfil the mission of love He has entrusted me with. She who writes it with the pen of nature, prays for the same purpose; and you who are to receive it, should pray that you may hear it aright. I am not sought by her for her own gratification, independent of the gratification she has in performing God's holy will. I am in a like frame of mind, and if we have been thus drawn together, how shall ye say it is not the Lord's doing, even though it be marvellous in your eyes? You may say, "Such knowledge is high, I cannot attain unto it;" but do not forget that all things are possible with God. All things are possible to Him, save the infringement of His own laws. God cannot make a law, and Himself break it; nor can He give that for which there is no recipient.

I have represented myself as having been much tried when in the world of nature, and to have been acquainted with sorrow; therefore, when I behold others, and even those who were, and still are, personally beloved by me, passing through severe trials,

sorrows, and contests with the flesh, I am not distressed, because I know how necessary it is for them; and that without them, no eternal joys could be entered upon; yet it is a painful contemplation that such things should be needed, and that men should not be able to rise at once from the sphere of earth, into the sphere of heaven, without having to undergo very painful and distressing trials; for they are sometimes deprived of their worldly possessions, or they lose the objects on which they had placed their natural affections, or they mourn because others mourn, or because they have a sorrowful heart, and cannot tell whence it comes. Some are afflicted with bodily illness, pain, and divers diseases. All these occasions for sorrow come from God; yes, it is His mercy that causes you to weep and lament, as well as to rejoice. He does not deprive you of your glittering toy, to punish you, but that He may thereby prepare you to receive the substance in place of the shadow. He will take away the crown of tinsel, if it so engross your love, that you desire not the crown of gold,—the crown that is above all price, which He desires to give you.

But, as I have said, it is not always to be perceived, or even surmised, why we suffer. We think we love purity,—we love all that is good and true, and yet we are subjected to painful trials,—to conflicts with evil,—from which there seems to be no way of escape;

for we pray and look up, and yet are not relieved; but the struggle goes on still, and the spirit will not give his name to Jacob, that he may know whence he is; but we may be sure it is a spirit from God we are struggling with, for when he has fulfilled his mission, he will depart, leaving a blessing from above.

I have said that it is the mercy of God that causes —not only permits, but *causes*, the severe trials that so many of you have to pass through, on your way to your home above. The winds rise, and the bark of the soul is tossed to and fro; and though Jesus sleepeth, ye need not fear, for where He is there is safety; and when He pleases, He can say to the winds and to the waves, "Be still!" Be not slow to discover the form of God, when your waves run high; and when ye see that it is Jesus, say, "Lord, bid me come unto thee."

I am desirous to explain further, because there is much misapprehension on this point. I am not sent to my own on earth, in this open way, to soothe and comfort her, or merely to rejoice her spirit; but I am sent to aid, strengthen, and prepare her to receive further blessings above. I am not desirous to dry her tears on earth, if they cannot be stayed, without causing her to weep when she comes here. I would far rather behold her pillow still wet, than dry it, to the destruction of the smile which I hope to see her wear in heaven. Therefore, if she fall into error, or

have any false or worldly feeling, that cannot be admitted here, she must weep it away on earth; for then she will be free from it when we embrace in heaven. She asks her God to permit me to shew her her faults, and to send me with the cup of strength, to enable her to put them aside; therefore she is sustained by the Lord, not by me.

Beloved! ask God for your thoughts; ask Him for your feelings, your desires, and your motives of action. Ask Him not only for these, ask Him for your *trials;* ask Him to shew you your faults, and to give you strength to put them away. Ask for your daily bread. Be grateful to Him for your perceptions of joy and satisfaction in all you do. Do not receive a faint ray of hope, of gladness, from whatever cause it may proceed, without recollecting that He alone is the source of it. Recollect that *nothing* is too minute for His concern,—that all—from the pleasure afforded by the sight of an insect sporting in the sunbeam, to the highest gratification we are capable of receiving, —is equally an emanation from Himself—an outpouring of His divine love for us, a display of His divine favor, and of His desire to draw us to Himself.

But as it is not usual for men in the world I have left, to ask or pray to God for their thoughts, they do not always come from a pure source; hence come vain imaginings, and false feelings, and wrong judgments, and all unkindness, to the sorrow and wound-

ing of some gentle spirits, who *do* ask God for their thoughts and feelings, as well as for their daily bread; by which is too often understood only the refreshment of the body; but as the spirit is of more consequence than the body, let your grace be said, by your lips and in your heart, for the food which the ravens cannot bring you, nor the fowls of the air fly away with; for it may come when your earthly table is unspread with the things that perform their use, and then perish; but which ye had better not taste of, if it lead ye not to the bread of heaven.

Let me, therefore, advise ye, one and all, when ye sit at the board of nature, to raise the mind to the contemplation of that table which is ever spread with the food of life, if ye have the spiritual health and appetite to eat thereof; and if ye have it not, go to the Physician of your soul, and ask Him to give ye the recipe that shall restore the wasted strength of your immortal constitution.

Let not past blessings be forgotten, but love to take the staff that has been laid aside, once more in the hand, and lean on it with confidence, for it will support the feeble knees of the spirit. Let the memory of past joys cast a halo on the evening-path of life. Why did they come? They were blessings then,—think ye they are not blessings now, though their advent has long since passed, as a tale that was once told, or a song that was once sung, or a chord

that was once touched? But who told the tale that was so pleasant to hear, or who sang the song, and touched the chord, that made such sweet music in the soul? Was it not He who made the instrument, and placed the chord in it, and made the ear, and prepared the atmosphere to transmit its sound?

I have often alluded to my being now an inhabitant of heaven, but I have not given any specific account of how my life there is spent, or what is the nature of my various pursuits in the regions of the blessed. I am not only desirous to do so for you who are to read this book, but I am also pleased to fulfil this mission for her who writes it; for up to the present moment, she is utterly ignorant as to how I employ myself in my mansion above. Therefore I see that it will enlighten her, as well as you, to receive the account of my proceedings in the state of life I am in.

I am not conscious of anything analogous to sleep, as experienced by you; but I pass into a quiescent state of mind, when compared to that state in which I am actively employed in doing my Master's work. I behold the paradise I occupy gradually become enveloped in a softer light; and I then know that I must repose for a season. I do so till I perceive that the atmosphere is again translucent with the rays of

the divine sun, which is shining with renewed splendor on the scene before me.

I arise, and go forth to my morning occupation; and what is that? It is given me, as the occasion requires. To receive the prayer and adoration from her I love, and to present it before the throne of Him to whom it is addressed,—to elevate my own perceptions in unison with hers; or, it may be, to guard her soul from falling into some error, or to dictate my thoughts to her, or to enkindle some fresh desire within her, to be still more upheld by God, and to depend still more fully upon Him. It may be that she is open to me, and I can come to her outward consciousness, in one or other of the various ways in which she is accustomed to receive me.

But she is not always conscious of my presence with her in any way; and how is it with me then? I am preparing for our future re-union here; I am struggling with the causes that delay its immediate fulfilment. They are the hindrances to a perfect reception of the life of the spirit, which cannot as yet be fully received by her, as it will be, when she is in a state to be removed to her final abode in the spiritual sphere.

Now I see that all this does not give you any clear idea of the way in which I am usually employed. I mix in society with my angelic companions, and join in their pursuits and pleasures, as they do in mine.

We are all similarly employed, save that I am given to communicate *openly* with her whose soul I tend; but I am by no means the only one who is allowed this privilege, although the case is, at present, of rare occurrence. Therefore my state is, in some degree, different to theirs. They are all occupied in guarding and watching over mortals, but all are not tended in the same way.

I have elsewhere shewn that there are various paths leading to the mansions above, so that as the dispositions and tendencies of mortals are of different kinds, so are the occupations of angels various in their nature and degree.

We are gay and sportive, or we are grave and contemplative; we are retiring in our habits, or we are prone to seek the society of others, just as our disposition may be. Our tastes, and our modes of indulging them, are as diverse as yours. We each retain the peculiar complexion of our natural lives. We are not materially changed,—we are only elevated into a higher degree of life. Each one retains his, or her, own particular characteristic nature; and this is even carried out in the external appearance of angels and spirits. For the one that was of a dark complexion in the world, will be of the same hue here;—the one with fair and light lineaments, will retain the same distinction of outward appearance. Thus, when my own saw me in vision, she observed

that my hair was of a golden shade, and that my eyes were of a blue cast, because that was the complexion I wore in the world of nature.

The appearance of spiritual beings is always determined by a law of consanguinity with the mental endowments. This law extends to the choice and nature of the garments with which they are clothed, both as to color and appearance. Some are all white, others are of divers colors; the garment of native purity is alone sufficient for those who are in the highest stage of angelic life; but as all these diversities of appearance proceed from interior causes, the angels thus distinguished, are not associated together, but reside in different quarters of the heavens, which are arranged into various spheres or planes, for the reception of the various societies of angels which inhabit them.

When I am seen by those who knew me in the world, they will immediately recognize me as the same being; for although angelic beauty may be bestowed, it does not take away from the specific expression of character which belongs exclusively to each individual. It may be difficult for you to conceive how this can be with those who attain to a great age in the world, and become very decrepit, and even deformed in outward contour. Yet the spirit within may be young and lovely, and the spirit-form will be

so too; *that* will be a faithful portraiture of the indwelling soul.

I have said that angels are men and women,—that they dwell in mansions, and that they dwell in paradises filled with the flowers of heaven; but they are also recreated with the harmonies of song, and the melody of music. The senses are all gratified there to the full extent, and that is much greater than it is in your world; for the spiritual organs are much more refined than the natural.

The angels are blest with the power to transmit their thoughts to one another, without the need of external language. They can perceive by a glance, all that you would require a long sentence to convey. An idea is conceived in the mind, and a desire felt to communicate it to a companion; it is done by turning the face towards him, and when the eyes meet, all that is begotten in the one, is conveyed to the perceptions of the other. Thus it is that thought begets thought, and a communication may be carried on without any audible sound or verbal expression. The tones of the voice are not always so articulate as to be heard as words; but a harmony pervades the whole atmosphere of heaven, which instils knowledge and wisdom into its inhabitants. This concord of sweet sounds arises from the one universal sphere, which pervades the breath of life there. It is a breathing

love-sphere; it exhales from every individual, and animates the whole scene.

There are, as I have said, a great variety of distinctive characteristics among spiritual beings; therefore the scenery in one quarter is very different to what it is in another. All are located according to their different genius, tastes, and acquirements. Those who are not suited to us, are removed to a distance: they are not forced from us, but absence is consequent upon nonconformity of disposition. By the like law, similarity of state attracts the presence of certain spirits, whose society is mutually congenial and agreeable. Thus it is that those who are conjugially related, are instinctively attracted towards each other.

I am anxious to give,—so far as it is permitted me,—as clear an account as I can, of the nature and general economy of the life of heaven. I have not passed into it without retaining a strong desire to be made an instrument in the hand of God, to enlighten and elevate my fellow beings, who are now traversing the same road to their home above.

My life in heaven is as varied as yours is in the world. It is, in a measure, consequent upon the order of yours; that is, it is regulated by the law of spiritual affinity which we severally hold with mortals on earth. Is my own sad,—I am engaged in turning that sadness to her immortal gain;—is she joyful,—I

temper her joy, in such a way that it may be congenial to the joyfulness which may be felt within an angel's bosom; is she at prayer,—I bear it up, by receiving it into my spiritual discernment, and raising mine own perceptions to the Deity. I do not hear it sooner than He does, but the one act is simultaneous with the other. I see her prepare for a duty of friendship, and I love to trace the course of her inward reflections; if she think only of her own gratification in it, I bring forward thoughts of the pleasure and comfort it may afford to the one for whom the act is to be performed. If I perceive any low or selfish motive gaining strength, I suggest that such a feeling is not heavenly, and that it is not as an angel would feel. Then I see her open her soul to God, for she knows that He alone can help her, when she becomes conscious that the serpent is trying to tempt her to take of some forbidden fruit.

This will suffice to shew the action of good spirits on mankind;—but man is also open to the wiles of evil ones, who watch for the shadow of turning towards them, and their dark abodes. They act in exact opposition to the influences I have described, and insinuate evil desires, evil passions, and all uncleanness. But with those who turn to God, their action is only perceived as a feeling of horror at that which they endeavor to suggest to the mind;—and thus additional strength is given to the powers of light.

But as all the occupations I have mentioned, are wholly spiritual in their nature, I am well aware that it will be difficult for you to realize them to your natural conceptions. It is also difficult for me to bring my spiritual perceptions into affinity with yours, so as to render my remarks as intelligible as you may desire.

I have passed out of human ken, yet I live in a scene of beauty and perfect harmony. I am not cognizant of any material change in my habits of life, as I spent it in the world, save that I am less distracted by outward consciousness. I am not disturbed by divers spheres emanating from uncongenial associates. I am surrounded by those that are of like tastes and habits with myself, and I love to mix with them in all their sports and pleasures of an intellectual character; for the angels are all youthful in feeling and disposition, as in manner and appearance. Therefore there is much gaiety and delight of life, such as is of an angelic character. I am often a guest at the abodes of others, and I can receive an angel companion into my own mansion of peace.

I cannot fully describe our feasts of wisdom, and our various entertainments. They are of a nature that would transcend your comprehension, bounded as it is by the confines of materiality. There are mansions, and there are gardens, and there are flowers, and there are gems. There are scenes of

varied beauty, of simple loveliness, and of sublime grandeur. There are flocks and herds, and there are men, women, and children. There is the simple true-hearted peasant, and there is the highly cultivated mind, and there is the prince of magnificence, dispensing bounty and blessing wherever he appears. There is the gentle wife, and there is the maiden that will be given in marriage. There is the youth of early promise, and there is the joyful girl,—the boy, and the babe. They have all breathed your atmosphere; they have all dwelt in nature's habitation, ere they came into the habitations of spirit. They are all subject to the same laws,—they are regulated by one Hand, according to the requirements of every individual member of the angelic societies of which the heavens consist.

I have not passed into the spirit-life without retaining a great degree of affection for those I have loved on earth, and who have bestowed so deep a regard upon me. But how do I now love them? Not in the same way that I did when I was with them in nature, but with a far higher and truer degree of affection than I then had the power to exercise. For, as I have shewn, all the powers of perception and feeling are immensely increased by the putting off of the natural tenement. Therefore I am now able to return the affection with which I am still regarded by those who have mourned for me, with tenfold vigor;

for it is no longer a natural but a spiritual affection that I entertain for them. But let their love for me be spiritual also. Do not dwell on the form of earth that has faded away, but be ready to recognize the spirit-presence that now addresses you. Be not slow to see the portraiture herein depicted to your view. Look not on the outward garb, but look on the impress of spirituality that beams forth from these pages. He whom you love is here,—he speaks to you now, though not with the voice, yet through the pen, of nature. Think of him as a spirit. He is still your loved one, though he walks not at your side; and though your natural ear cannot hear his voice, your spiritual perceptions may (if you pray for it), detect his spiritual presence. You cannot hold the open communion with me which she who writes these lines enjoys, but you *can* receive the consolation of knowing that I am with you, and that I love you still,—not as a mortal, but as an immortal should love.

I have left the earth whereon I walked,
And I tread the heavens above;
I am not sought by the mortal eye,
But I dwell in the courts of love.
I dream not there, of the passing scene
That has closed on my mortal sight;
But I wake to the conscious peace
Of a day that for ever is fair.
I gaze on the nature above,
And I see the nature beneath;

I trace out the likeness of love,
On the emerald bank that I wreath
With the flowers I gather therefrom.
I mould all my joys by the hope
That still glistens in all that I do,—
That the beings of earth I have left
Will gather the blossoms I sow.
I am given to one of my heart,
And I tend her with delicate care;
I am loved as a true woman's part,
And I spring into life with her soul.
I am given to be with her—one,
And I join in her praises to God.
I am fraught with a power from on high,
That from Love has descended to me;—
And I take a rich treasure away,
That congenial with me has become.
And now I am borne on eternity's wing,
To the homes of my fathers of old,
And there I am given to see
That blessing with increase descends,—
That angels and spirits of heaven
Will again walk with mortals the path
They so long have been banished from here.
Not visible yet, in the clouded horizon,
Are the visions of beauty become;
But soon on the morrow of life,
Behold the bright choristers rise!
They come with the harp and the timbrel and dance,
They come with the wisdom of angels behest.

See the rays of morning splendor!
See the light of noonday sun!
Let the rain of tender mercy
Now descend on glowing hearts!
Set your homes in heavenly order,
For the guests above are coming.

Let the table there be spread
With the milk and with the honey;
And let many loved ones be
There invited to attend.
Let the heart with sorrow filled,
Not refuse the kindly greeting;
And let those that smile and those that mourn,
Be with heavenly manna fed.

I have left the world of nature, yet I can behold the scenery of that world just as well as you can, but I do so only through the perceptions of my earthly companion. She looks on a scene of beauty, and her senses are thereby gratified; I perceive the effect in her mind, and I also there behold all the images which have caused her enjoyment. I have also left the first stage of spirit-life; therefore I can behold all that pertains to it, and its laws of progression; and I have become elevated into a state that admits of my communicating with one who is still in the world, and through whom it is that I behold outward nature.

But I am not always in a condition to hold open intercourse with her; nor is she always in a state to admit of open communion with me: hence interruptions occur, preventing the continuance of her writing for me. This is not of chance, because all is arranged by the Divine Providence for the development of that which He is bringing down to mortal comprehension.

It is thus that the whole plan of the world goes on:—a dream may be given to warn you that if you go out, you will be in danger of losing your natural life, because it is intended that you should remain on earth for a time longer; but another who had no such dream, went out and was killed. The one was just as much under the watchful eye of Providence as the other, for it was as good for the one to be taken as for the other to be left.

I am desirous to make some further remarks on the subject of eternal progression, for it is much believed in at the present day. It is a doctrine founded in truth, yet there is much error connected with it. Good spirits and angels, as I have said, all progress towards a more and more perfect state of existence; but the lost also progress towards a final state; it may be, to one of less perversion, or it may be, the contrary. For if a man is so immersed in evil that he cannot be reclaimed, he will not admit of any influx from God through the heavens; for he is a dead carcase, and his dry bones cannot be shaken by the breath of life.

Beloved, this is a painful subject; but though distressing, it is useful, and therefore we must proceed with it; for to suppose that a confirmed evil being can ever return to the true order of his creation, is as erroneous as to believe that the angels of heaven can so far forget their high estate as to fall into the

snares of evil which hell would gladly prepare for them: darkness may be enlightened, but light can never become darkness; it would be an inversion of the laws of order by which the universe is held in subjection to the power of God; it cannot be.

But there are, alas! many Satans in hell, and they burn with all evil passions and unholy desires. They are those who have so cast from themselves the precious gifts of God, that now they have no longer the power to receive them; they are those who weep and gnash the teeth, not for sorrow at their state of evil, but with rage that they cannot draw others into the pit with themselves. These wretched beings are lost to every feeling of pure and unsullied enjoyment. They would perceive no pleasure in the society of the blessed, for they have no faculties that could, in any way, be gratified by it. They would be so out of their congenial element, that it would be to them only a more refined kind of torture than that which they are accustomed to endure; therefore it would be no act of mercy in God to elevate them into heaven, but wholly the reverse. His mercy, however, does extend to these miserable ones; His divine attribute of love reaches to the caverns of hell: He there tempers the suffering in such a way that it shall not be more severe than is absolutely needed to preserve the order of its government. He restrains the violent by fear, if no other motive will cause them to desist

from tormenting their fellows. But if they can be restrained by other motives, those which will occasion the least amount of suffering are made instrumental for effecting that object.

I desire to warn you against the indulgence of unholy thoughts. They are perceived in hell as readily as a pure aspiration is in heaven. An angel hears your prayer at the same instant that God does; and a devil hears your curse with the same electrical rapidity. A thought—a prayer—a pure desire—a hallowed feeling—touches a chord that vibrates here, and returns its message back to you: a dark idea—a revengeful thought—an evil feeling—sends forth a putrid breath, that is quickly scented by those who dwell in impurity; for it is the breath of life to them: and they will then consociate themselves with the one from whom it emanates. The angelic host must then depart, and leave you to the comrades you have yourself called up from hell. Hell will be within you, though you still walk the earth; so also heaven is within you if the mind be in a heavenly state; for there is no distance pertaining to the spirit.

I have, throughout these pages, represented myself as one arisen from the dead, who has come to you to say that which Moses and the prophets have not revealed to you. They have not told you that mortals can communicate with spiritual beings, and they have not told you that men do not go to their dust

to wait for a day of resurrection from the dead, nor that angels are all those who have once trod the path of earth, even as you do now. That men and angels are alike gifted with human passions is also unsaid by them: and that they marry and are given in marriage, according to the spirit, is a truth that is not received in the usual course of Christian belief. But from whence comes the fact of my being able to write this book? Is it not a voice that none can close the ear to? And why is it so? for there are many things that the ear may be closed to, and that need not be dwelt upon, as to whether they be fact or not: ye may repose on the bed of nature just as calmly, without the knowledge of many things that daily pass around you.

But as to spirit-presence and spirit-power, the case is very different. If I, or any other spirit, come and say to you, "I am a living man in a spiritual world, yet I am sent and commissioned by my God and your God to descend to earth and to say such and such things to you," how are ye then to answer me?—with a calm look of indifference, or a refusal to attend to the message of which I am the bearer? I have come to my own on earth, but at first she received me not; for she said within her heart, "How shall I, weak and uninformed as I am, tell whether this is an angel of God, or whether it be only a shadow that is passing over me, that the morning

brightness may dispel?" But when she saw that I told her holy truth, that I opened pure and heavenly states within her soul, then she gained courage and strength to look up and ask her God whether I was an angel of light or not; and when I became further and further revealed to her, she saw that all I had said was indeed true, pure, and very holy in its nature, and that it was becoming the means of elevating her soul to Him who had sent me to affect her as none other influence had or could have done. Therefore she is now one with me, and lives in my presence as one who only breathes freely when she is in that congenial atmosphere; for I am as essential to her existence as she is to mine. We are truly married partners, and we are united by a bond that cannot be severed either in my world or the world she still inhabits.

Read the lines of earthly seeming
That have come she knows not how:
Read the pleasures and the pains
Of two immortal beings.
Let the heart be glad
That a blessing came
To the one of earthly bearing,
And to him who bade her write.
Let the measure I have chosen
Be a counterpart of one
She sings only in her heart.
For, ever silent is her voice,
And her ear is not attuned
To the melody of art;

But her spirit sings the song
Of a lovely inborn heart.

'Tis the soul of woman,
'Tis the soul of man,
That in unison are blended
Into one melodious strain.
'Tis the harmony of heaven
That to earth comes down,
Borne upon celestial pinions.
'Tis a strain ye have not heard
In the days gone by.
But when comes the rain of blessing
That is fast preparing,
Then will melody arise;
And as thrushes on the lea,
With rich music fill the air,
So will spirit-voices be.

As a morning brightness,
And as an evening glow,
So will spirit-presence come.
As a beam of transient beauty
Will all earthly splendour fade;
And when earthly toys have been
One by one laid low,
See the living pearl of beauty
A life-long lustre shed
On the brow with early care
That so creasèd was,—
See the fragile one grow strong,
See the aged one grow young,
See the goal ye all have sought,
In the realms of perfect day.

I have passed into that state of existence in which it is perfect day, and I have not lain in the tomb

awaiting a day of judgment, which, I perceive, through my connexion with her I tend, is the general belief amongst men.

Now I know nothing of creeds and the dictates of men. I only know that, whereas I was blind, I now see, and that I was dead, and am now alive. I know that I live in the presence of God and His angels, as well as you know that you live among men in your world. So that I need not to reason about it; for the case is just as plain to my perceptions as it is to yours. Yet the Scripture has said, "*When* they shall arise from the dead;" but you see I have arisen from the dead, and yet the Scripture is not, cannot be, broken. "How, then, are we to receive this fact, for one or the other *must* be false?" Nay, my friends, *both* are true, the Scripture is true, and my message and commission to you is a true one also,—the one is as true as the other; only, if ye see by an untrue light, ye cannot perceive it to be so. The Scriptures are to be spiritually discerned; death is death unto sin, and life is life unto righteousness; day is day unto the light of truth, and night is night unto the darkness of error. Read your sacred volume by the light of spirit, and not by the light of nature only; for without spirit, nature is dead; but with spirit, it is vivified.

I am not disposed to close this volume till I have said all that it is permitted me concerning the state-

ments of doctrine that have here and there fallen from me. I am not anxious to impress upon you any truth which you have not the present ability to receive. If you are well-pleased to remain as you are, and find that your creed is all-sufficient to lead you to the breast of Christ, then lean on Him and be thankful; but if you have been dissatisfied or uncertain in your belief, and feel that it is not as the staff of life, cast it aside at once, for it will not be of any service to you in your way to the table above: and then my remarks may tend to shew you where you may find a sure resting-place for your faith.

Be not hard to receive the truth I have brought ye down from above, but take the key I now offer ye, and unlock the holy sanctuary with it, and behold the stones on Aaron's breast-plate, how they speak to those who can understand their language, and the eloquence of their utterance.

The lapse of time that is necessary between the natural and spiritual birth is determined by the nature of every individual spirit: there is no universal law on that point, but on all others there *is* a universal law, which can never be infringed. There is no exception to the law of spirit-birth immediately on the decease of the natural body. The spirit leaves its earthly habitation, and it rises in a spiritual tenement instantaneously on quitting the natural one. It can never put that on again; for such a return

to materiality would be most revolting to spirit-perception.

Matter to matter is gone,
And spirit to spirit has risen;
Death unto death the tribute has paid,
And life unto life on eternity floats.
Blessing with purity comes,
And blessing with purity stays.
Light is the light of the soul,
And darkness let darkness be still.
Let voices to spirit be given,
And silence with silence remain.
Let beauty with innocence dwell,
And calmness with holiness rise.
Let the flower be a fragrance of heaven
And the gem but a mineral thought.
Let perfection with God be portrayed,
And let symbols be eloquent words.
Let music be touched by the hand
That is spirit of harmony given;
And earth be the emblem of soul,
That to God a rich harvest shall yield;
And creation return to the paradise home
Of the Eden that blossoms above.

I am now an inhabitant of heaven, and I cannot be seen by natural vision, for spirit is only visible to spirit; and, therefore, if ever I should be seen in the world, it will be by the spirit of those to whom I may appear, being so prepared as to be able to perceive spiritual beings. But as I am not open to others, as I am to her who writes for me, it is not likely that any others will ever behold me, as she has

done in the visions of the night, or as she may do if it so please our Lord.

But as I am not to dwell on this theme any further, I shall only advise you to relinquish all idea that the natural body will ever rise again from the tomb. It is decomposed and given to the winds of your atmosphere; it floats on the breath of life that animates creation, but to be re-composed into some other structure. It cannot be transported into a spiritual sphere; for between nature and spirit there is a great gulph fixed, so that the one cannot pass over to the other: the idea is as monstrous to spirits, as a phantom of the imagination may be to you. It would be as unnatural for a spirit to be again clothed in flesh, as for a dead body to arise and walk into your streets,—a thing that men would flee from in terror.

Now I shall again request you to read your Bibles by the light of spirit, and not according to the language of nature only. The alphabet of nature is dead without the indwelling spirit. The form of words used in Scripture is a body sanctified by the spirit that animates it. It is a picture; but if ye see it by the torch-light of a false persuasion, ye will see shadows mingling with the forms of beauty that are painted by God's own hand, and they will flit across its translucent scenery, and make it a confused mass of objects that cannot be clearly discerned,

for the need ye will have of the spiritual light of truth wherewith to see God's most holy revealings to man.

I must not be misunderstood in this portion of my work. I do not come to *teach* you the truth as it is in Christ Jesus, but I come to make you see that there is reason to fear that many have erred in their most holy faith; for it *is* holy: it is the water of life, even though it be not so pure as to be quite free from error. It is the Church of Christ ye are members of, but it is not pure as the Church above; for there they know that spirit is alone cognizable to spirit, and that many things which are held as truth in the world, are only so far true, as they can be of use to lead ye to the higher and more spiritual truths and realities of heaven.

I now take my leave of ye who have borne with me through these pages. They have been produced in an abnormal way, and have been given by the power of God, bestowed upon two individuals—the one in a natural, and the other in a spiritual, degree of life; and, however unheard of this state of things may be, it is the very truth. But the issue remains with God.

This book will go forth into a polluted world; but may there yet be found many and many a one who earnestly desires to come out of that pollution,—many to whom it may bring light, consolation, and

strength. May it bring a renewed spirit—a hopeful, calm demeanor—a smile instead of a tear—to many a yearning heart, many a longing soul, many a desolate sorrowing one. Your Heavenly Father desires to see you all smile. He will wipe away your tears, even on this side of the grave; but seek ye His face evermore.

THE END.

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